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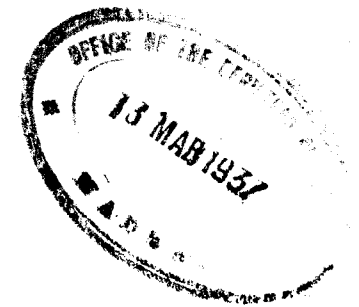
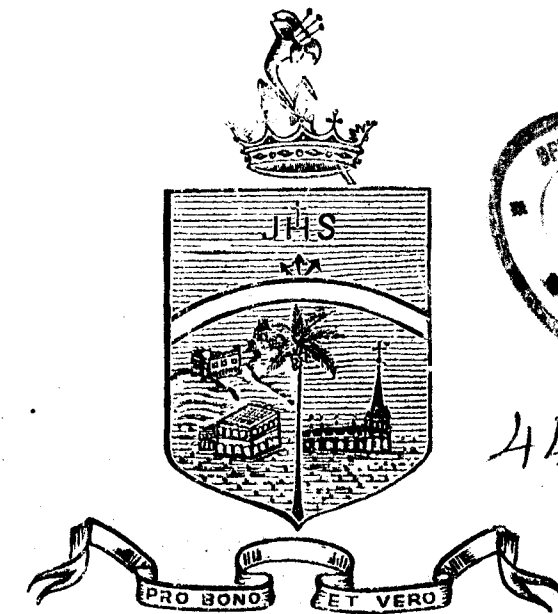
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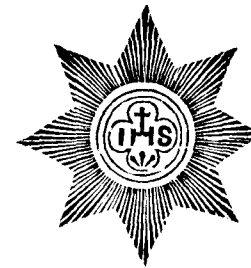
JANUARY 1937

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE



(Water colour by S. Deniketan, B. Sc.)

INDIAN AUTUMN



TRICHINOPOLY
JANUARY 1937

New Series

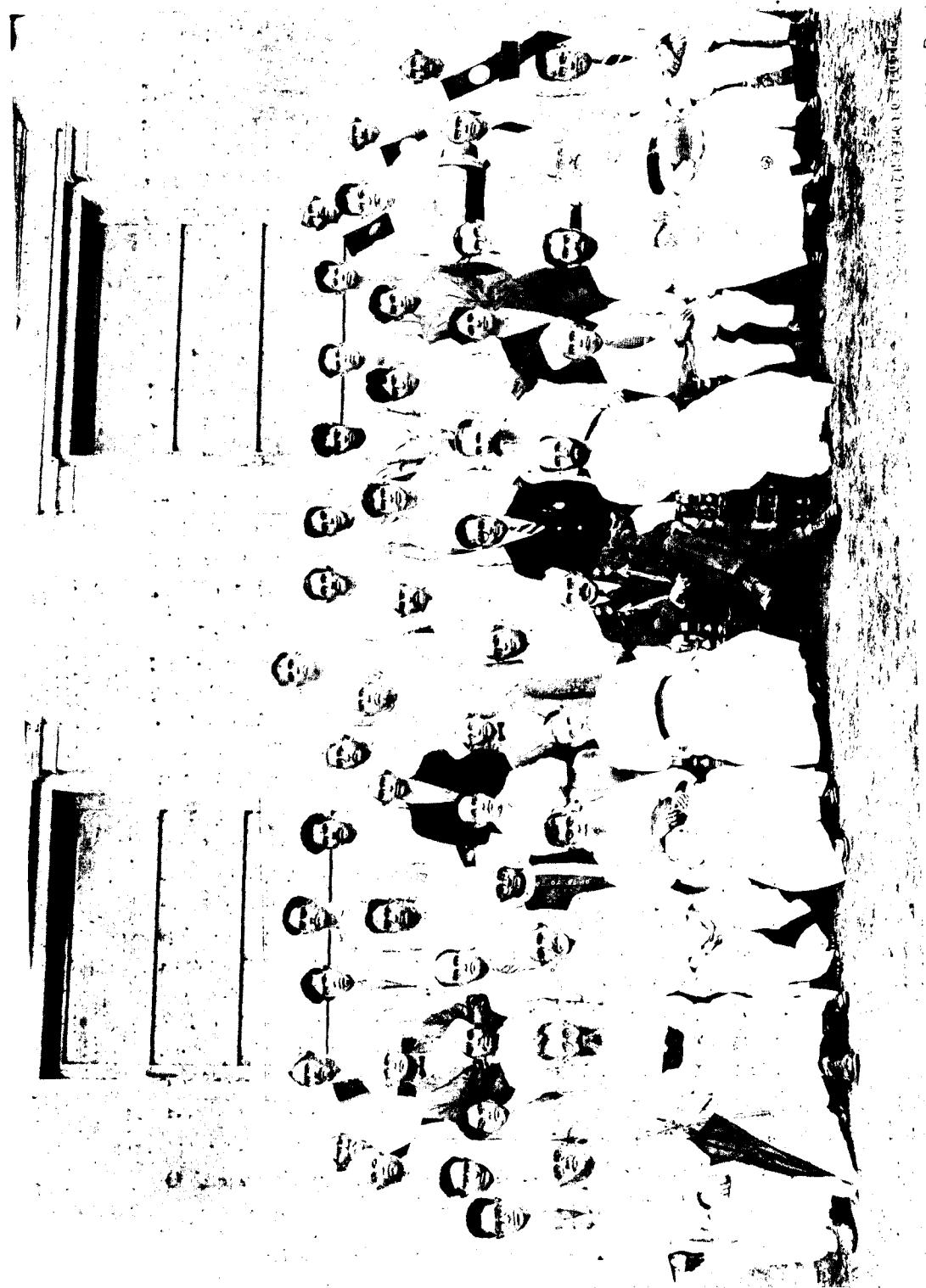
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CONTENTS

	PAGES
INDIAN AUTUMN	Frontispiece
<i>Watercolour Landscape by S. Venkiteswaran</i>	
COLLEGE STAFF WITH THE AG. VICE-CHANCELLOR ...	111
<i>Photograph</i>	
SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT: A Centenary Appreciation ...	111
<i>by Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M. A., Lingaraj College, Belgaum.</i>	
TIROS DISCUSS GREAT THINGS	119
<i>by F. D., Kurseong.</i>	
RAMU'S EXPERIENCE WITH A TICKET-EXAMINER ...	126
<i>by V. Sankaranarayanan, III U. C.</i>	
KRISHNA TEMPLE AND POORAM PROCESSION ...	128, 129
<i>Photographs by R. Veeraraghavan, II U. C.</i>	
MALAYATTUR—THE MOUNT OF THE CROSS (with Photographs) ...	129
<i>by M. V. Antony, II U. C.</i>	
FOR THE RING	131
<i>by S. Krishnan, IV B. Sc. (Hons.)</i>	
CHAND BIBI	133
<i>by Ghulam Rasul, II U. C.</i>	
THE TWIN TREES	137
<i>by C. M. Chummar, IV U. C.</i>	
THE CLEVERNESS OF AN INSURANCE AGENT ...	140
<i>by T. R. Vasudevan, I U. C.</i>	
THE KADANS OF THE FORESTS OF EASTERN TRAVANCORE ...	142
<i>by M. D. Varkey, II U. C.</i>	
HUNGARIAN WAY	145
<i>Retold by S. Subbiah, I U. C.</i>	
THE INDIAN SPOTTED DEER	146, 147
<i>Drawing by S. Venkiteswaran, B. Sc.</i>	
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF	147
<i>A Miscellany from Various Contributors.</i>	
AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS	153
EDITORIAL NOTES	159
OLD BOYS (with Photographs)	164
COLLEGE HOSTELS	168
<i>Photographs of College Dramas, and of Boarders at Play</i>	168, 169
CARP HOOKED IN CLIVE'S HOUSE TANK	172, 173
<i>(Photographs)</i>	
RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY (with Photographs) ...	173
COLLEGE SOCIETIES	177
U. T. C. ANNUAL CAMP	188
<i>by Sgt-Major K. N. Krishnan</i>	
IN MEMORIAM	194
LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FR. BERTRAM MEMORIAL FUND.	195
EXCHANGES	198



[Photo Ponniah

College Staff with Dr. A. LAKSHMANASWAMY MUDALIAR, B.A., M.D., Ag. Vice-Chancellor of the University.
12th August 1930.

Sir William Schwenk Gilbert:

A Centenary Appreciation

by K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., Lingaraj College, Belgaum.

WILLIAM Schwenk Gilbert was born on November 18, 1836. His father, William Gilbert, a minor novelist, traced his descent from Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the famous Elizabethan explorer and soldier. Young William Schwenk Gilbert received his education at Boulogne and at the King's College, London, from which he graduated in 1856. After serving for a few months as an officer in the Royal Artillery, he entered the Civil Service in 1857 and for four years worked as a clerk in the Education department of the Privy Council Office. In 1861 he left the Civil Service and studied law. Being called to the Bar three years later, he worked on the Northern Circuit with success. In 1891 he became a magistrate. Knighted in 1908 when over seventy years of age, Gilbert perhaps looked forward to some more years of quiet life and a peaceful end. But he died three years later in May 1911 under tragic and heroic circumstances, attempting to rescue a young lady from drowning at Harrow Weald.

These few details of Gilbert's "official" life, we are in duty bound to give even in a centenary appreciation of this prince of Victorian humorists. For today it is not the lawyer-magistrate that survives in our grateful memories but rather the poet of *The Bab Ballads* and the librettist who collaborated with the no less famous Sir Arthur Sullivan in the production of the celebrated Savoy Operas, which have justly become part of the Englishman's national heritage. Young Gilbert had been a devotee of art and letters and had illustrated his father's novels with sheer whimsicality. In the ensuing years Gilbert inevitably gravitated towards humorous journalism and became a regular contributor to *Fun*, a rival of *Punch* which had rejected his "Yarn of the Nancy Bell." Several of these perennially entertaining contributions to *Fun* were issued in two volumes, *The Bab Ballads* and *More Bab Ballads*, most amusingly illustrated by the author himself. We can read these ballads now, some sixty years after their first publication, and yet find the original sparkle undiminished and the absurdity as striking as ever. It is curious to find

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

among the Victorians, who are now-a-days as a rule represented as having been inordinately prosy, genuinely laughable humorists like a Lewis Carroll, a J. K. Stephen, an Edward Lear, a W. S. Gilbert. It is salutary to remind ourselves that we owe to the Victorians some of our most interesting friends, Lear's Discobolos and Lewis Carroll's Walrus and Gilbert's Clayton Hooper. In the Bab Ballads Gilbert's sense of the ludicrous is not more prominent than his clear grasp of men's follies and foibles. "The Rival Curates" which introduces us to Mr. Clayton Hooper,

Who had a cure of souls
At Spiffton-extra-Soooper,

"The Periwinkle Girl" in which three suitors woo a girl more or less as in *The Merchant of Venice*, and "Gentle Alice Brown" whose heroine was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise

To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
—all these ballads, and the rest of the bunch, not only titillate us with their lilting absurdity and neatness in rhyme and rhythm and phrasing, but they make an intellectual appeal too, revealing surprisingly and suddenly some sore or other in humanity's dealings with itself.

In 1866 Gilbert started his career as playwright with a Christmas burlesque entitled *Dulcamara*. He followed it up with other burlesques, tragedies, comedies, melodramas, pantomimes, what not. His experience as dramatic critic of the *Illustrated Times* now stood him in good stead and enabled him to turn out his plays with a faultless stage sense. *The Palace of Truth* proved to be a success; *Pygmalion and Galatea* brought him forty thousand pounds. Gilbert was already quite famous in 1871 when barely thirty-five; apparently there was nothing more to do, he had only to go on producing competent plays and register one stage success after another. It was at this dangerous moment in his career that Gilbert collided with Arthur Sullivan, famous in his twenty-ninth year as a composer of rare distinction and as author of the Operettas *Contra-bandista* and *Cox and Box*. The collision was pregnant with possibilities and both the parties were quickly alive to this fact. They decided to collaborate in the production of operas, Gilbert to supply the libretto and Sullivan the music. It was a momentous decision in the history of the English stage.

The first fruit of the collaboration was *Thespis*, or *The Gods Grown Old*, a comic opera in two acts, produced at the Gaiety on the night of

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

December 23, 1871. The gods of classical mythology have grown old on Mount Olympus; they are suddenly confronted by a travelling theatrical company, led by Thespis; and the actors and the gods enter into a compact. The gods resign their powers temporarily into the hands of Thespis & Co., and descend from Olympus to roam about the abodes of human beings incognito. Thespis and his friends sing in chorus:

Here's a pretty tale for future Iliads and Odysseys.
Mortals are about to personate the gods and goddesses.
Now to set the world in order we will work in unity,
Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis' opportunity.

The results are, of course, entertainingly disastrous. The complications are worked out and resolved in a glorious riot of laughter. The dialogues are insultingly delightful and the gods are inexpressibly funny. Poor old Jupiter regrets, for instance, that sacrifices to the gods have dropped "from one thing to another until it has positively dwindled down to preserved Australian beef! What do you think of that?" And Apollo mournfully answers, "I don't like it at all." The lyrics, too, like "I Once knew a chap who discharged a function" and "Little Maid of Arcadee", with Sullivan's music, are exquisitely laughable and adorable.

Thespis was not a roaring success. Comedians like Toole and Nelly Farren did their very best and yet the piece ran only for a few weeks. Perhaps Victorian England was not as yet quite ready to stomach the incongruous and droll elements in the opera. However, the next Gilbert and Sullivan opera, *Trial by Jury*, presented at the Royalty Theatre on March 25, 1875, was an unqualified success. The entire text is sung and every word is a ripple of laughter. The story is the quintessence of mirth. The judge and the jury who try a case of breach of promise to marry; the plaintiff in her bridal attire and the defendant playing a guitar;—what other ingredients of fun could one want? The judge's opening ditty, "When first, my friends, I was called to the Bar," has now become an anthology piece. The briefless barrister with his appetite young and hearty, who married a rich Attorney's elderly, ugly daughter, is one of the curios in English letters. Under the veil of an abounding comicality, *Trial by Jury* satirised the procedure in breach-of-promise cases and also the shams of respectability.

The Gilbert and Sullivan vogue was on and at regular intervals other operas followed. *The Sorcerer*, or *the Elixir of Love* was produced at the Opera Comique on November 17, 1877. Much of the gaiety in it is the

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

work of the Patent Oxy-Hydrogen Love-at-First-Sight Philtre that is distributed by the village curate to all and sundry. The opera for the first time brought to the limelight George Grossmith, who magnificently played the part of the Sorcerer. The songs and their music are enchanting; and pieces like "Time was when love and I" and "I rejoice that it's decided" are universal favourites. The next opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore, or the Lass that loved a Sailor*, was produced on May 25, 1878. It was an absolute and continued triumph for the duumvirate. London and the entire English-speaking world was intoxicated by its frivolity, its music, its hidden satire. Disraeli had appointed the civilian W. H. Smith, M.P. as First Lord of the Admiralty. Introducing his own First Lord, Sir Joseph Porter, Gilbert wrote: "You would naturally suppose that a person who commanded the entire Navy would be the most accomplished sailor who could be found, but that is not the way in which things are managed in England.....in this great and happy country." Sir Joseph "knew nothing whatever about ships". This is the core of the satire in the opera. There is, besides, a good deal of criticism, however indirect, of platitudinous patriots and of silly nautical dramas. The pointed satire apart, *H.M.S. Pinafore* is grand entertainment. Captain Corcoran and Ralph Rackstraw, Little Buttercup "a plump and pleasing person" and the First Lord himself, with their oddities and their absurdities, their music and their madness, made the success of the opera assured for all time.

The Pirates of Penzance, or the Slave of Duty was produced on April 3, 1880. It ran for a year; and everybody was familiar with the Major-General and his innumerable daughters, who marry peers following the profession of pirates, because, "contrasted with respectability it is comparatively honest." Once again Gilbert belaboured in this opera the dragon of false respectability. The next piece in the remarkable series, *Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride*, was presented at the Opera Comique on April 23, 1881. It is the theme of "The Rival Curates" modified and elaborated: two aesthetic poets take the place of the rival curates of the Bab ballad. Bunthorne, of course, is a caricature of Oscar Wilde. When alone, Bunthorne owns that he is an aesthetic sham, and continues:

I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes
In stained-glass attitudes.
In short, my mediaevalism's affectation,
Born of a morbid love of admiration!

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

The "Song" is no less tantalisingly teasing and brilliant; the long lines with their vast burden of polysyllabic periphrasis and their middle rhymes and lolling rhythms are ever carved in our memory. One finds oneself often humming to oneself lines like "The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind" or "An attachment *a la* Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-French French bean" or "If you walk down Piccadilly, with a poppy or a lily in your mediaeval hand." Though the opera is called *Bunthorne's Bride*, he is the only man in the end left unmarried. It is needless to enumerate the innumerable bits of dialogue and song hits that have won for the piece its millions of admirers.

After *Patience*, that ran nearly 600 nights, the career of Gilbert and Sullivan was simplified into a succession of neat and confident triumphs. *Iolanthe, or the Peer and the Peri* was first performed on November 25, 1882; *Princess Ida, or Castle Adamant* on January 5, 1884; *The Mikado, or the Town of Titipu*, perhaps the most popular of the operas, was produced at the Savoy on March 14, 1885; *Ruddigore, or the Witch's Curse* on January 22, 1887; *The Yeoman of the Guard, or The Merryman and his Maid* on October 3, 1888; the eternally delightful *Gondoliers, or the King of Barataria* on December 7, 1889; *Utopia Limited, or the Flowers of Progress* on October 7, 1893; and the last of the wonderful series, *The Grand Duke or the Statutory Duel*, on March 7, 1896. In none of these is the satirist forgotten in the purveyor of redolent mirth. *Iolanthe* satirised the House of Lords; in the following lines the satire is not less clear than the fun:

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,
As every child can tell,
The House of Peers throughout the war
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well;
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days.

And while the House of Peers withholds
Its legislative hand,
And noble statesmen do not itch
To interfere with matters which
They do not understand,
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays
As in King George's glorious days.

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

Princess Ida is a satire on the so-called Women's Rights; *The Mikado* is a satire against bores and snobs and formal logic; *Ruddigore* is a parody almost of cheap melodrama and of cheap patriotism; *Gondoliers* is another book of snobs and *Utopia Limited* is as complete an exposure of English complacency and stupidity as *Erewhon*. Gilbert was thus a true contemporary of Samuel Butler and predecessor of the Lytton Stracheys of a later generation.

But posterity is privileged; we needn't bother today to locate the targets of Gilbert's satiric onslaughts; it is quite enough if we read these operas, or better still witness competent performances, and follow enraptured the modulations in the music and the mischievous turns in the alert phrasing and the dexterous manipulations of thought. One forgets oneself and one goes on eternally humming between varied thoughts and varied occupations the maddening perversity of "For he's going to marry Yum-Yum" or the immortal impishness of "Never? Hardly ever!" or the faultless foolishness of

"No probable possible shadow of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever"

or a song like "Take a pair of sparkling eyes" or "The bright and beautiful English girl" or the divine drollery and sense in:

"Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a king;
Yet the duties are delightful, and the privileges are great;
But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State!"

Or, again, one remembers Gilbert's skit on Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and the following sketch put into the mouth of Ophelia:

Alike for no two seasons at a time.
Sometimes he's tall—sometimes he's very short—
Now with black hair—now with a flaxen wig—
Sometimes an English accent—then a French—
Then English with a strong provincial "burr"—
Once an American, and once a Jew—
But a Danish never, take him how you will!.....
Though we're in Denmark, A.D., ten—six—two—
He always dresses as King James the First!.....
Opinion is divided. Some men hold

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

That he's the sanest, far, of all sane men—
Some that he's really sane, but shamming mad—
Some that he's really mad but shamming sane—
Some that he will be mad, some that he *was*—
Some that he couldn't be. But on the whole
(As far as I can make out what they mean)
The favourite theory's somewhat like this:
Hamlet is idiotically sane
With lucid intervals of lunacy.

And reading these printed operas and Bab ballads, recapitulating if possible the performances one has seen and heard, reciting on odd occasions a line or a stanza or a whole song, one almost feels inclined to agree with Gilbert's dictum:

Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes.

It is always a difficult task to apportion relative merits in collaborative authorship. Gilbert and Sullivan (as also Beaumont and Fletcher or Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones) brought to a marvellous fusion their individual preferences and peculiarities; in other words, the one was so perfect a complement and counterpart of the other, that in collaboration they did far better than individually or in collaboration with any third or any fourth. As Sir Henry Wood remarked, Sullivan "found the right, the only cadences to fit Gilbert's happy and original rhythms, and to match Gilbert's fun or to throw Gilbert's frequent irony, pointed although not savage, into relief." In one sense, it is impossible to grasp the whole significance of these operas except on the stage. When they are read in one's study, they no doubt emit all their Gilbertian glitter; but they also betray the fact that Gilbert, with all his fun and all his laughter, had no heart; one is amused, one is thrilled, and at length one is also afraid. Sullivan's music gave to the words just what they needed, the still sad music of humanity, not harsh nor grating, but of ample power to chasten and subdue. In the words of Mr. H. M. Walbrook, "Gilbert over and over again gives us mock feeling, and Sullivan charges it with real feeling. In the one a Brain is at work, in the other a Heart.....Thus we have the two men, so contrasted, each so accomplished in his own department, each so perfectly the complement of the other; Gilbert with his wit evoking peals of laughter, Sullivan with his melodies warming the heart and often moving the listener almost to tears; Gilbert with his dialogue sparkling with the most curious and far-sought

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

conceits and vagaries of expression, and leaving it almost void of any recognisable human interest, Sullivan pouring forth his stream of highly poetical and emotional tune and tone colour. Little wonder that when they parted neither was able to find a really satisfying collaborator."

After the production in 1896 of *The Grand Duke* the duumvirate rather abruptly broke up. Mr. Guy Boas correctly states that "the unfortunate quarrel which led to the severance of the glorious partnership of Gilbert and Sullivan is one of the tragedies of English stage history." Sullivan, who had been knighted earlier in 1883, lingered on for a few more years and died in 1900. His death and the tragic death of his collaborator eleven years later were mourned by all devotees of art and letters and a grateful nation raised monuments to each of them on the Thames Embankment. Visitors to London can gaze reverently at the elegantly executed tablet opposite Charing Cross station, with Gilbert's bust portrait in relief, and this simple evaluation of his life and achievement,

"His foe was Folly and his weapon Wit."

Tiros Discuss Great Things

by F. D., Kurseong

THE scene is in a remote corner of the Ramakrishna Lunch Home. Rao, Doss and Gopal have met there at 5 p.m., sometime in May, to celebrate their success in the Intermediate Examination.

Gopal—So Suryan, poor chap, did not get through his II Part. I have just finished writing a letter to console him. I am recommending to him marriage as an escape from his present misery. So I have copied down, with slight changes, a parody I came across. Listen, here are a few stanzas :—

Tell us not, in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the Youth is dead that's single,
And things are not what they seem.
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present,
Hoping for a spouse ahead!

4/11/20

Doss—Your ideas are a positive insult to our College Authorities; and you are very imprudent in committing them to paper. Remember

"Lives" of great men all remind us,
As the pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters which we ought to burn.

Gopal—Just like you! You find insults where none are intended—I shall not alter a single line to please you.

Rao—Don't quarrel, you fellows. I suggest a better method than yours for comforting old Suryan. Let him turn Socialist and join the Socialist Party as I have done.

Doss—Congress Party, you mean?

Rao—No; Congress SOCIALIST Party.

Gopal—You greatly surprise me. I thought you were a little more religious-minded. Do you honestly believe what "The Congress Socialist,"

TIROS DISCUSS GREAT THINGS

the organ of that party, has printed in its issue of Feb. 8, 1936? "To keep its hold on the mass of people", it says, "Capitalism has to create and sedulously foster certain myths. Religion is one such myth." The same issue of the journal publishes the following from the pen of Mr. H. Chattopadhyaya:—

"Eternities are giving way to days
Of awful disillusionments which none
Dare long evade..... A million human cries
Proclaiming hunger and disease and death
Shall tear down the cold, mysterious skies
And shatter poor old God's regime on earth."

Rao—Yes, I have seen this quoted and commented upon in "The Indian Mirror" of April 12. But.....

Gopal—Capitalists have deprived the labourer of a decent home, and they still do so. But you Socialists go further and rob man of the most precious thing and the greatest consolation he has. Take away religion from men, and you leave them, make them and transform them into brutes, libertines, knaves, robbers. Is that your method of uplifting them?

Doss—I'm much struck by those adjectives "poor old" applied to God, Who is Richness itself and is beyond Time and so knows no age. My dear Rao, do you really believe that men can tear down the skies and shatter God's rule on earth? Let me assure you, you can tear your heart and shatter your brains and those of others, but truly you can't shatter God's reign. I am no prophet, but it needs no prophet to infallibly state that you and I and everyone else in the world may lose our heads, our hearts in the attempt to shatter God's reign, but He will remain forever and ever.

Rao—Just so. I believe all that. But those inequalities of wealth haunt me day and night. I am hazarding an opinion, but will not be far wrong in surmising that 3% of the population of India hold 70% of the wealth of the country and on the other hand the 80% of the population that constitutes the labour element in the country possesses but 5% of the wealth of the country. May be the figures are not quite accurate but the fact remains that all the earth and the fullness thereof, the profit and the happiness of it are not reserved for these few rich fat gentlemen! It is sickening to see that these unnatural and artificial inequalities are being bolstered up and perpetuated by every conceivable fraud and forgery,

TIROS DISCUSS GREAT THINGS

treachery and deceit, force and ferocity. Cost what it may, I am determined to fight for the equality of all men and shall not rest till all are made equal.

Gopal—That's great! True, these rich asses seem to think that wealth is their monopoly, and that they can bear it all on their backs; but sooner or later their backs will be broken. Because they have ceased to believe in a heaven elsewhere, they are here and now grabbing, or trying to grab, a material heaven, an earthly heaven of plenty, power and prestige. Their day of reckoning will come. Still, I can't believe that all men are equal. How can they be "equal" when some are ten feet tall, and others, like me, just four feet ten? Equal? When some stomachs, like yours, can be loaded with a good basketful of vadais and jilaibeas without bursting, while others cannot take in a third of the amount in double the time? Equal? "When the skulls of some are fairly bursting with gray matter, and the brains of others, apparently composed of pulp"? Talk of equality? It's all rubbish!

Rao—Don't affect stupidity, Gopal. You are mixing up natural and unnatural inequalities. Natural inequalities, be they physical, mental, or moral, harm no one. But these economic unnatural inequalities cause a whole series of inequalities in every sphere—political, social, religious etc. etc.

Doss—All your cry for equality seems to be like the howling of the unsuccessful against the successful. Plainly, you would not be so agitated, had you and others like you been born to an unearned income. Your whole grievance, therefore, seems to come to this that others have been more successful than you. You think that wealth is gained by plundering, that "private property is theft." But let me assure you that not all the chattels of the Chetty come from pillaging a Pillai.

Rao—I will have occasion to study all your blooming theories of the origin of wealth from June onwards in the Honours course. I am for equal rights and duties for all without distinction of sex or pedigree. Most inequalities have been abolished: civil inequality by laws; political inequality by universal suffrage; intellectual inequality by compulsory education. At least, they are being abolished. Why should this inequality of wealth alone be perpetuated by inheritances and legacies?

Doss—Your objection then is aimed at the inheritability of wealth. As Prof. Gide remarks, "there is nothing sui generis about the inheritance

TIROS DISCUSS GREAT THINGS

of economic inequality, in as much as natural inequalities—health or disease, strength or weakness, beauty or comeliness, often talent or stupidity, and in all cases the family name, which frequently is a help or a hindrance in itself—are also transmitted by heredity.” Economic inequality is but the consequence of innate differences among individuals, and as such is not unnatural. Man has the right, nay the duty, to live; and, as every one knows, he can't get on in life by living on ideas and drinking in the atmosphere. He needs something more material and tangible; he needs such goods as are indispensable for life and consequently has the right to attach himself to such commodities. Since the right to live exists not merely for the present hour or day but extends to the future, man has the right to increase his property beyond the present needs. If he is the head of a family, he must have the means to feed, clothe and keep alive his family. This, in short, is the justification of the right of private property, of which doubtless you will hear a great deal in your proposed Honours course. Only remember that it is a natural right.

Rao—I cannot argue with a philosopher like you. Yet, these inequalities appear so hideous—this mass starvation, the crying injustice and complete ineptitude of these capitalists are all revolting. It must go, this right of private property.

Gopal—Rao, it seems to me that you are confounding two things, the right itself with its use or abuse. Excesses need a correction, not wholesale uprooting. Obviously, you do not intend to cut off the legs of Achary because he kicked you, nor the head of a Cooly because he had planned to rob you. The legs of the one and the head of the other were misused. So they need to be corrected not cut off. It is just the same with this right of private property.

Doss—The whole difficulty arises from the fact that these rich smart fools think that the right of private property implies no duties and has no limitations. This right exists only in so far as it is consistent with the rights of others. They forget that others too have a right and are in duty bound to live as long as they can. In fact, according to moral philosophy, it is not optional but compulsory to come to the aid of the starving man. Thomas Aquinas teaches that “whatever certain people have in super-abundance is due, by natural law, to the purpose of succouring the poor.” Justice demands this. Hence the rich are in duty bound to help the poor.

TIROS DISCUSS GREAT THINGS

Rao—In duty bound! But no one does it. The only way to make them do it is to equalise wealth among all people. Rights and duties must be equalised.

Gopal—There you are again with the same confusion between a right and its abuse!

Doss—Equal rights and duties! Rao, you don't realize you are talking nonsense. You want to transform men into angels in a single night and grant them happiness in the morning. If men were entirely unselfish, if women knew not the love of finery, in short, if men were no longer men and women no longer women, your equality of rights and duties would work. Should young and old have the same rights and duties? Should masters and students have the same rights and duties? Should the sick and the doctors have the same rights and duties? Should men and women take turns in digging, mining, cooking, sewing, fighting, etc.? Should teachers and pupils take turns in instructing? Your equality of rights and duties will land you into untold absurdities.

Gopal—I will go further and say that this perfect equality cannot be established, granting even that it is possible (which, of course I deny). How are you going to establish perfect equality? By robbing all private property? By violence? Remember the savage butchery of the Bolsheviks. Is violence and bloodshed the means to establish peace and happiness on earth? No wonder that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald said “to establish Communism it would take generations of starvation, industrial ruin and national chaos.”

Doss—Let me, for the sake of argument, go further, and suppose that it is possible peacefully, without violation of rights, to establish perfect equality. But then how to maintain it? Can the Supervisors of production and distribution and the workers all command and obey each other at the same time or in rotation? Needless to multiply examples. Supervisors would soon become despots and there arises the ghost of another class distinction, the governed and the governing, and that would spell the doom of Socialism and Equality.

Gopal—I would go yet further and concede more. Even were it possible to establish and maintain perfect equality among all men, it is not at all desirable to do so. Inequality is an incomparable stimulus to production and gives the greatest scope to individual initiative, resourcefulness and adaptability. If all men were equally rich, all would be idle.

TIROS DISCUSS GREAT THINGS

Necessity, you remember, is the mother of invention; it alone drives a man to work. With perfect equality no progress in arts or sciences is possible. Why should one rack one's brains and work hard, if no gain is to be derived therefrom for the individual? Equality of rights and duties would make all equally stupid, equally lazy and equally worthless. Imagine every individual in turn becoming editor, compositor, printer, painter, telegraphist, architect, actor, gardener, farmer, cook, waiter, professor, chemist, druggist, barber, dhoby and so on and so on without end. Talk of equality of rights and duties! It is the very height of folly and the climax of madness!

Rao—Till now I had great respect for Scientific Socialism.....

Doss—Scientific Socialism! Bosh! Call it a veritable hodge-podge of nonsense. "The whole theory," says a writer "reminds one of the guinea-pig. This wee thing is called 'Guinea' though it doesn't come from that country. And it is called a 'pig' because it has no resemblance to pork. In like manner, Socialism is called 'scientific' though it violates all the laws of science. And it is called 'socialism', because no society can be founded on it!"

Gopal—Mankind cannot prosper as a race unless they live for heaven. We need unselfishness and detachment—poverty of spirit, in fact, that society may thrive and prosper. No system can work except it be imbued with faith in God, hope in another life and charity towards others. Both Capitalism and Socialism discard the three of them. Religion makes God the true owner of everything; Socialism makes the community the owner of everything; the former aims at heaven, the latter at worldly possessions; the former utilises virtue and work, but the latter advocates a system fraught with violence and force. Socialism in its end and spirit is at one with its enemy Capitalism, differing only as to the means and method. It is only to religion we can look to bring about that unselfishness which is the one safeguard of social justice and liberty. If society is to be cured now, in no other way can it be cured than by a return to true religious principles.

Doss—My dear Rao, let us fight for the return of these sane principles. Let us make the rich fellows realize that money is not God, that the poor are their brothers, that they should pay the labourers, not the pittance which the law of "supply and demand" tolerates, but as much as is necessary for themselves and their families to lead honest and reasonably comfortable lives.

TIROS DISCUSS GREAT THINGS

Rao—Yes, yes. Religion is all right... But, with these new advances and discoveries in the field of science, especially in Physics and Astronomy, people begin to doubt more and more the importance of puny man in this illimitable Universe. The very idea of a bountiful and merciful Creator seems to recede.....

Doss—That's what I should call astro-physical-muddleheadedness! the worship of vastness! My dear chap, are you one of those that believe in the sacrifice of babies to the elephant, just because one is so small and the other is so big? This...

Gopal—It is getting late. We might have occasion to discuss babies and elephants another time. Let us be off.

Ramu's Experience with a Ticket-Examiner

by V. Sankaranarayanan, III U.C.

LOSING a ticket may look too silly at a time like this when the whole world appears to be busily engaged in losing bigger things. Huge crowds flock to Derby and Guindy races to lose their fortunes, Kings lose their crowns, Children their umbrellas, Politicians their reputations, Indian Cricketers the ribbon and the Creditors,—their temper. Still losing a ticket is not the trifle people would seem to think.

On a very chilly night Ramu and his friend Reghu reached the railway station an hour before the time and spread their things over a whole seat in a compartment. After making themselves comfortable there, they began to make calculations and settle their accounts when a railway servant came to them and said:

"This is a Ladies' compartment, sirs. Please get out and go over there."

"But, Sir," said Ramu, "we are firm believers in the equality of the sexes."

"D—n your equality! Get out. Quick!" he roared.

Grumbling they hurried in disgust to another compartment that was already full. Ramu pushed into it and Reghu with two or three other friends that had come in the mean time waited on the platform to see his friend off.

The clock struck eleven. The engine gave its last shrill signal and steamed out of the station. Ramu left Trichy amidst wavings of handkerchiefs and cries of "wish you good luck."

Hardly had Ramu adjusted himself amidst his co-travellers when he was rudely awakened from his semi-consciousness by a shout "Tickets please." He opened his eyes and saw the morose face of a ticket-examiner.

RAMU'S EXPERIENCE WITH A TICKET-EXAMINER

"These railway servants are the greatest of all the devils without horns" remarked Ramu vehemently.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed a burly figure who truly resembled a Falstaff.

"You are right, Mister, you are right," he said.

Another gentleman, whose mouth was too full of betel juice to express his opinion, nodded his head approvingly. All these encouraged Ramu to proceed further.

"If I were a Mussolini I would give castor oil not to socialists but to railway servants," continued Ramu.

The gentleman with the betel juice in his mouth found it impossible to suppress the strong peal of laughter that rose up from the very bottom of his stomach. His mouth burst open and the red juice was splashed all over the white uniform of the ticket-examiner. At this the latter was up in arms and emptied all his vocabulary of the "bloody" type not on the perpetrator of the crime but on Ramu. The guilty man remained silent casting anxious glances at the ticket-examiner.

"You really look charming in this dress," remarked Ramu looking at the ticket-examiner. He looked more ferocious.

"Tickets!" he demanded sternly. "Do you think we respectable persons would travel without tickets?" asked Ramu.

"Show me your ticket or I will neck you out," roared the ticket-examiner. With his earthquake-like laughter our burly friend—imitation Falstaff—said: "It's enough. Poor man, let him go."

"All right" said Ramu and opened his purse to take his ticket. But lo! it was not there. He searched his inner coat pocket. He perspired from head to foot.

"Mister, my ticket is missing," muttered Ramu in faltering tones. His wits completely, failed him.

"Search your pockets," advised his burly man.

"And your bedding," said another.

"And your box," said a third.

"Your tuft too" said a fourth.

RAMU'S EXPERIENCE WITH A TICKET-EXAMINER

He searched all these and more, but in vain.

"I had my suspicions from the very beginning. No escape, Mister!" remarked the ticket-examiner. The passengers praised the ticket-examiner very much for his shrewdness in detecting criminals.

"Now what do you say?" the ticket-examiner asked Ramu. "Will you pay Rs. 10-13-6 for your destination or Rs. 5-8-3 and get down at the next station?"

"I have got only two Rupees in all" said Ramu.

"All right! The police will see to it," he answered scornfully.

Ramu again searched all his things. But it was in vain. Suddenly an idea struck him. In the next station he got down and went to the ladies compartment followed closely by the ticket-examiner.

"Ladies," he muttered "I have lost my ticket. Will you kindly search for it in your seats?"

"Do ladies' seats attract men's tickets?" asked one among the group. "Was your ticket single or married?" asked another. This wit was approved by all the ladies, amidst ringing laughter. Had he been a Hitler he would have immediately ordered that all ladies be confined within the four walls of the kitchen. Seeing his deplorable condition one good lady searched for his ticket but in vain.

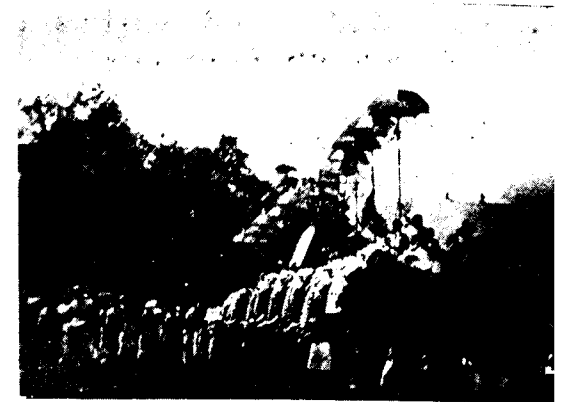
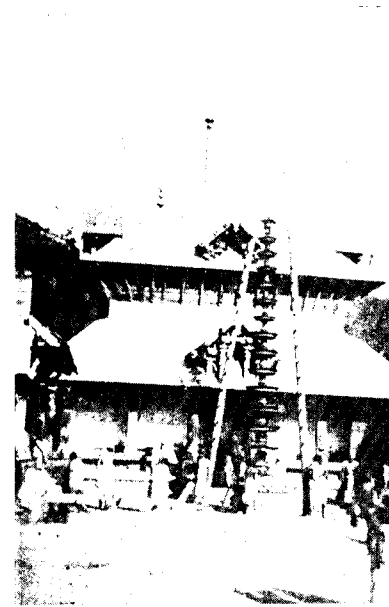
He looked on all sides to see whether there was anyone to help him in his distress. Suddenly Fortune seemed to dawn on him for he saw one of his father's friends advancing towards a first class saloon. Ramu ran up to him and introduced himself and told him his story.

"Sorry, my dear man," said the gentleman; "you are the sixth person to come to me with such stories today. So, excuse me for not obliging you."

Ramu was stunned to hear that answer. "Sir," put in the ticket-examiner, "I think I must have caught him half a dozen times before, travelling without tickets." Ramu looked angrily at the ticket-examiner and helplessly at the gentleman in the first class saloon.

* * * *

I shall not describe the rest. Suffice it to say that, pledging his wrist-watch Ramu wired to his friend Reghu for money and in the evening Reghu came there with apologies and Ramu's lost ticket. It had been in his pocket.



Photographs by R. Veeraraghavan, II U

KRISHNA TEMPLE, GURUVAYUR, AND POORAM PROCESSION, TRICHUR.



PILGRIMS AT MALAYATTUR CHURCH.

Malayattur—The Mount of the Cross

by M. V. Antony, II U. C.

MALAYATTUR, commonly known as the Mount of the Cross, is an important place of pilgrimage in the whole of Malabar. Not only Christians, but a good number of Hindus and others also, go on pilgrimage to this sacred mount. The renown and importance of this place rests upon a very strong tradition.

This lively tradition says that St. Thomas who planted and nurtured the very first seeds of Christianity in the soil of India, knelt on the summit of this mount and drew the sign of the Cross on a rock. Even to-day we can see a large-sized cross-mark of golden tint on a rock, over which has been erected a huge granite Cross, which every year, is kissed by thousands of devout lips. In the immediate vicinity of this Cross is built a small tidy church.

This sacred place is on the crest of a high mount linked to the Western ghats. This mountain is thickly covered with forest growth and is infested by dreadful vipers and by wild beasts such as elephants, tigers, bears. Hence only in large numbers and well armed, do people dare to ascend this mount. The ruins of an ancient church existing near the present one, gives clear evidence of the ravages of destructive elephant-herds there.

The way up this mount is very rugged and full of slippery rocks and thorns. The trampling of pilgrims for years and years has made a footway which is over 2 miles in length and is divided into 14 sections in the manner of the Way of the Cross. Each station is represented by a wooden Cross fixed to a tree with the number of the station inscribed below in black letters. Only some portions of the footway can be trod without much difficulty.

Very near the church there is a hewn rock from which a spring of limpid water flows constantly. Many a sick man drinks of its holy waters with ardent hope of a cure.

The annual festival falls on the Sunday following Easter. Even one or two days before it the mount is spotted over with people. On this Sunday continuous bands of pilgrims can be seen dragging themselves up

MALAYATTUR—THE MOUNT OF THE CROSS

from the foot to the summit of the sacred mount, like an unending stream of ants moving to their nest. Then, women and children without distinction of rank and status scramble up this rugged pathway, only to kiss the sign of the Cross drawn by their beloved saint, the apostle. Everyone is tramping up the hard rocks, exhausted and perspiring, his or her heart bent upon reaching the top, and the whole strength and attention taken up by the effort. Sometimes you feel your way interminable and the destination inaccessible. As the feast falls in the hottest part of the year naturally your way is very hard, hot and laborious. But the scorching rays of the afternoon sun are blocked by the spreading foliage of the umbrageous forest trees and the cool gusts from above refresh and exhilarate your wearied limbs. It is a moving sight to see a few pilgrims struggle up the rocks on their knees, as a penance for their sins and sometimes as a mortification to obtain the cure of their diseases.

Reaching the smooth rocks of the summit, the pilgrim makes straight for either the main altar of the permanent church or the temporary altar built for this occasion and hears Mass with his quivering knees on the hard merciless rock. After that, one feels what is real thirst and hunger. Even the one born with a silver spoon in his mouth, swallows eagerly the dry biscuits and plantain fruits and quaffs off the very plain water. It is no wonder that food and water are very dear and coarse over there.

Marvellous scenery you see there. On one side you behold the distant misty ranges which stir up sublime thoughts within you. On another you observe the bright green fields, which appear to you as mere glistening patches of green velvet. In front you see the dusty town of Malayattur with the dull brown house tops which remind you of everyday life. On your left, down the precipitous rocks, you observe the winding Periyar river amidst the dense forest groves, which from your lofty pedestal appears to you as a glittering worm among the bushes in the bright sunlight.

Then you begin your descent, with a heavy heart after a longing gaze at those sacred objects, the church, the Cross and the bright simple altars. But for the spherical rocks that sometimes roll down under your feet, the descent is an easy task. In an hour's time you are back in the plains. Looking up you see among the cloudy foliage, a bright white spot—the church.

With a crystal soul and contented heart you return home and plunge into everyday life. But the memory of those dear sweet objects, lingers in your heart for long long years.

For the Ring

by S. Krishnan, IV B. Sc. (Hons.)

“**E**NGLISH: Twenty per cent, Mathematics: fifteen per cent. . .” The progress report was torn to pieces. For once the young tutor took courage and scolded his pupil.

“Look here, Kamala, this is disgraceful. I have been telling you again and again. You never do your home-work properly. You have hardly fifteen days for the public examination. God knows how you will fare in it.”

These were the harshest words he had spoken to her in all the year. He sat there wondering at his own boldness. Being unused to censure, Kamala gazed at the young man before her as though she would bite his nose. “I must surely pass, at least in your interest. Has not my father promised you a solid gift if I do so?” The tutor's face reddened. He left the room without a word thinking over the days when he placed too much confidence in this careless girl.

Kamala was angry with herself. Why did she speak those cruel words to her tutor? She knew that he was earnest and yet she had used nasty words. She threw about her books and broke an electric bulb. Next morning she woke up with a firm resolution to do well by her tutor and commenced steady work. But good resolutions she had taken many a time with no practical result. Things happened as usual by force of habit.

At this time there was a great hubbub about the leakage of question papers. The press servants were making a lot of money out of it. One day, Thayi, the school waitress, paid Kamala an express visit accompanied by a boy of twelve in dirty clothes. “I took so much pain for your sake”, said the woman. “This boy is working in the Venus Press where, you know, are printed the examination papers. He has taken impressions of the English and Arithmetic papers on his shirt and brought them secretly.”

“Indeed” cried Kamala much interested, “What does he want for the papers?”

FOR THE RING

"He demands twenty rupees; will not take a pie less."

She had a great mind to buy the papers. An easy preparation would fetch her high marks in the coming examination. At an expense of twenty rupees, she could please her tutor and earn for him a good amount of money. Her heart throbbed at the grand idea. How good of Thayi!

But she had some scruples to confide in her father. He would surely hand over the poor boy to the police. Kamala thought over it for a few minutes and finally made up her mind to part with her gold ring worth a sovereign. The press boy was glad of the bargain. He gave her the two question papers and departed.

From then on a complete change took place in Kamala. She prepared a few essays in English and took them to the teacher for correction. The latter chid her for setting her own questions and refused to go through them. But when she entreated him with tears in her eyes he chuckled and read the compositions with an affected reluctance. Everyday Kamala brought new essays and new sums in arithmetic. The tutor appeared highly pleased with her cleverness in selecting typical questions. He taught her with greater and greater enthusiasm. Kamala got the essays by heart and worked the problems again and again.

Her strenuous work during the next few days bore fruit. Though the questions did not appear verbatim as she expected, most of them were substantially the same. She was able to answer them satisfactorily. A pass was assured for her.

Two months later the results appeared in the papers. To the surprise of her parents and herself Kamala passed with first class marks. She was awaiting the tutor with a triumphant air.

The tutor came in due time. With a volley of congratulations he shook Kamala's hands. Something glittering on his finger arrested her attention.

"That's my ring" said Kamala hastily.

"Not in the least?" said the tutor with a feigned astonishment; "I set two question papers on the Public Examination model, and sold them through a press boy for this ring."

Chand Bibi

by Ghulam Rasul, II U. C.

LORD Macaulay's tribute to Warren Hastings, "He had pre-eminent talents for government and great literary talents too; fine taste, a princely spirit and heroic equanimity in the midst of adversity and danger," is in every respect true of the noble Queen Chand Bibi of Ahmadnagar. Farishta, a Muslim historian and several others are great admirers of this queen; and Colonel Meadows Taylor, a romance-writer on Indian subjects, says in his work "A Noble Queen": "Few in England know that the contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth in the Deccan kingdoms was a woman of equal ability, of equal political talent, of equal though in a different sense, education and accomplishments, who ruled over a realm as large, a population as large, and as intelligent and rich as England; a woman who surrounded by jealous enemies preserved by her own personal valour and endurance her kingdom from destruction and partition, who through all temptations and exercise of absolute power, was at once simple, generous, frank, and merciful as she was chaste, virtuous, religious, and charitable—one who among all the women of India stands out as a jewel without flaw and beyond price."

Chand Bibi was the daughter of Hussain Nizam Shah, the King of Ahmadnagar. Contrary to the fashion of her day, she was allowed to acquaint herself with the outside-world. She achieved great skill in hunting (being an exquisite rider herself), and often took an active part in fighting; but even on those occasions she appeared with her face veiled. Besides her unique martial quality, she had also a delicate hand for painting and great skill in playing on the *vina* and in chanting Persian ghazals and Hindu ballads. She was also a profound scholar in Arabic, Persian and Dakhni (a South Indian form of Urdu) and could speak with ease Turkish, and the dialects of her army, and Canarese and Mahratti, the current languages of Ahmadnagar and Bijapur.

At the very period when the Hindu chiefs of the petty divisions of the country were revolting against the Deccan Kingdom, Chand Bibi became the Queen of Bijapur. Hussain Nizam Shah the king gave Chand Bibi in marriage to Prince Ali Adil Shah of Bijapur. Chand

CHAND BIBI

Bibi's married life as Queen for a period of sixteen years, that is till 1580 when Adil Shah died, passed off in happiness. During this period she would ride with her husband in the morning to the parade and while returning, visit the wife of every Hindu chief and treat her with words of utmost kindness and love. Though the application of such a device to win the loyalty and affection of her Hindu subjects was one that involved great labour and time, still the benefit she reaped from it was permanent.

After the death of Ali Adil a new life of hardship and misfortune and the continued treachery of her ministers was ahead of her. The deceased King who had no male issue had appointed by his will his brother's son Ibrahim Adil to succeed him. The Queen herself became the Regent and Guardian of the young Prince, put him on the throne and keeping herself behind a veil, held her durbar thrice a week and discussed and settled every kind of dispute political or religious under the executive power of her Prime minister Kamil Khan. During such moments of political discussion, the Queen would often ask the men in power under her to be always frank in speaking out their own opinions to her in any matter; and whenever a difficult problem arose for discussion, it was solved by the opinion of the majority.

Though Kamil Khan appeared like a goodly apple he was rotten at heart. His evil plots against her were soon discovered by the people whose confidence he was gradually losing. Becoming aware of this, the Queen determined to remove him from his office and appoint another eminent man, Kishwar Khan, in his place.

The new minister Kishwar discharged his duty honestly for a short period only. By degrees he descended to corruption and bribery and growing envious of the universal affection and reverence with which the Queen was regarded by her subjects, set himself to work to estrange the people from the Queen. The subordinates of Kishwar coming to know of this, strongly pressed on the Queen to remove him from office. At this Chand Bibi chose to appoint one of her valuable friends Mustafa Khan, Governor of Bankipur, in Kishwar's place.

But the delay in sending for him unfortunately resulted in his death at the hands of the villainous Kishwar Khan, who coming to know of the Queen's intentions despatched to a confederate in Bankipur a letter secretly forged by himself under the Royal Seal. The man in charge of the execution of the horrible order conveyed in the letter, in concert with the

CHAND BIBI

officers of the garrison, believed the tenor of the supposed royal order to be true and made away with the noble Mustafa without any delay. This unexpected end of one of her valuable friends broke her heart. But Kishwar Khan did not content himself with this act of wickedness. In order to defame the Queen among her people and thereby to rouse their animosity against her, he began to spread false rumours in the city that Chand Bibi had induced her brother Murtuza to invade Bijapur with his armies; but the people believed him not. They were becoming furious at his atrocities and were waiting for an opportunity to deal with him. Also Kishwar managed in concert with some of his followers to bring a false charge of conspiracy against the Queen on the basis of a rumour spread by himself, and had her arrested and confined in a fort on a hill at Satara near Bijapur. But realising the danger to himself from the citizens who were thirsting for his blood, he escaped to Golconda, where he was slain by a relative of the murdered Mustafa.

But the imprisonment of the Queen was only for a very short time. The young king and his people restored her to the palace. At this period an Abyssinian by the name Mi Ekhlās Khan, one of the eminent statesmen of her day was entrusted with the executive power. But this appointment only served to create civil dissensions between the turbulent Abyssinian party and the Dakhni people. Seizing this opportunity, the troops of Berar, Bedar and Golconda poured into Bijapur. But the scanty army of Bijapur encouraged by Chand Bibi defended the fort with great spirit and valour. It is said, that when the battle was being fought, as a consequence of the storm and rain that raged furiously, the defence wall of Bijapur suddenly collapsed. But as soon as the rains abated, Chand Bibi began to repair the breaches in the wall, thereby setting to her masons and soldiers alike a brave example of her presence of mind and equanimity in the midst of danger. It was only after Chand Bibi's example that the masons ventured to erect the wall. But even this desperate attempt of the masons in opposition to the tremendously rapid attack of the enemy's forces was by no means fruitless, because on the very next day, when the masons came to know that, in consequence of a faction in the enemy's camp, the sepoys had begun to cross swords amongst themselves they easily completed the wall in time. Thus the Queen could by means of her firm will and calm efforts not only encourage her people and defend the country, but also get the better of the invaders.

Shortly after this event, the Abyssinian party came forward with their terms of peace and the Queen readily accepted them with but little

CHAND BIBI

alteration. After Ekhlas Khan, another man rose to power. But he was very soon killed by Dilawar Khan, a military commander of the Queen's army. Though by committing this heinous sin, Dilawar got the power he aspired to, still he was faithful to the Queen and her people to the last and worked for the welfare of the country.

By this time, Chand Bibi had grown weary of politics and was eagerly waiting for the attainment of majority by the young King Ibrahim Adil, when she might safely confide to his care the reins of the government of Bijapur, return to Ahmadnagar and pass the rest of her days in peace and seclusion. But this was not given to her to enjoy. For when the Queen entered her brother's palace in Ahmadnagar, she was greatly afflicted at the horrible sight of her brother Murtuza and his son Meeras, attempting each other's life, and seeing that all her entreaties and admonitions to prevent the quarrel produced no effect on them, she returned to Bijapur.

The last years of the Queen were full of sorrow. She lived to see Bijapur fall a prey to the Mughal armies, and herself deserted by her own faithless followers. At the hands of one of these, named Hamid Khan she met her death. With a band of traitors like himself, Hamid Khan rushed into the private apartment of the Queen and taking advantage of the absence of her servants, ruthlessly attacked her with his sword. She parried her blow with her own sword and began to display her swordsmanship. But it was of no avail; for, being after all a woman, and besides surrounded by enemies, she could not save herself.

Thus perished the noble Queen Chand Bibi whose praise has been sung by many poets and historians. It is now more than three hundred years since her death. But the monuments which she erected still survive, among them the churches and temples that she built for her Portuguese and Hindu subjects, standing proofs of the toleration and regard she had for other religions.

The Twin Trees

by C. M. Chummar, IV U. C.

THE tree was teeming with fruits. Its loaded branches seemed to bend their heads and welcome the weary traveller. Myriads of birds enjoyed a continual feast and sang with full-throated ease in its foliage. It had a "pleasant seat; the air nimbly and sweetly recommended itself unto our gentle senses." The turf beneath was the haunt of lively children. Like dappled deer they skimmed about the gracious tree. The rustling leaves of the grand old tree above them seemed to murmur its applause at their harmless amusements; and often it dropped down with a thud its golden fruit which the children seized with shouts and screams of laughter.

Of that troop of laughing children my brother and I were two. And I was the noisiest and most ruthless in grabbing at the fruit. I baffled all by the fleetness of my feet and my bullying nature. But my brother—he was to be feared. Near him my genius was rebuked and overpowered. Who could dislike or even think ill of him? He was a lamb, a dove—that harmless innocent creature. He was the delight and ornament of our company, a charming and pleasant companion, and he scattered light and joy wherever he went.

But no man is perfect and least of all my brother. He had a taste for keeping company with the low and the poor. According to Marlowe, not the kings only, but the wisest men too have had their minions. But my brother's darling was a despicable creature, a poor lame boy of low caste.

One day the wind was strong and the ripe fruits came down in dozens. Like Roland among the infidels, I ran to and fro and collected many. So did my brother; so did my other companions. But the poor lame boy came by none. I laughed outright and shouted with joy and told him that it was better for him not to live in this world. The world is meant for us, strong and sturdy fellows, not for these sickly creatures. "It is none of his fault, you naughty chap," cried out my brother who came up at this moment; "if you are strong, help the weak." "Help this low caste, this new convert?" said I with a sneer, "shame upon you, brother!"

THE TWIN TREES

My brother did not like to talk much. He gave all the fruits he had collected to the lame boy and asked him to carry them all to his house.

I ran straight to my mother. Usually she had a natural inclination to defend my brother's cause. But now at least I was sure of her countenance and patronage. So I told her all that had happened and accused my brother of prodigality. I expected from her strong words against my brother, spoonfuls of moral and worldly wisdom for both of us and most of all a shower of compliments upon me. But she only smiled and said "My son, you are entirely wrong in saying that your brother is a spendthrift. On the other hand he is a miser, for, by 'these little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love' he is amassing wealth which he can carry after his death, whereas you will have to go empty-handed." I did not very clearly understand this subtle philosophy of my mother. But why should I? I have a better, a more solid and reasonable accusation by means of which I can oust my brother from his unassailable pedestal and easily step into his shoes. "Is he not a low caste and a new convert—that contemptible creature? How proud he is, mother, to come and kneel down in the church along with us. Still my brother is all love for him and you are patting him on his back." My mother raised her sweet voice and replied, "Dear son, I hope and pray to God that you will not speak like this when you become a man. How did you come by this odd and strange idea of castes in the Catholic Church? Who injected these pernicious thoughts into your head? Well, do you suppose that your youngest brother does not belong to our family only because he was born a little later? I love him more than any of my children and so does your father too." My mother was speaking with the vigour and spirit of St. Monica though I was quite unable to play the rôle of St. Augustine, since I was wanting in the manliness and courage of that inimitable saint.

One day there were only three boys under the spreading tree. We got many fruits and tasted some of them. Then my brother proposed that each of us should plant a seed. The lame boy and my brother had the seeds planted very close together and mine was far apart. Soon it began to rain and we left the place.

Months and years passed since these childish frolics and amusements. My brother found the inside of a monastery more wholesome than the world and I was attracted by the Medical College. Once when

THE TWIN TREES

I returned home for one of my vacations I heard that the lame man of our locality had died a peaceful death—so much and nothing more.

I saw in our compound two trees growing very close together. I went to my father and told him that if the trees were allowed to grow so close together both would be barren and that if one was cut down there would be better yield from the one remaining. My father was rather reluctant to cut down any one of the twin trees (as he used to call them) for they were so beautiful and both looked exactly alike and symmetrical. Still he yielded to my wishes.

After a few days I left my house. Very soon I got a letter from my father intimating to me that the tree which I had allowed to grow, had faded and withered and had actually become lifeless. This was rather strange and no Botany Lecturer could explain the reason.

On day I happened to re-read Wordsworth's "Laodamia." True, trees cannot understand, but God can make them symbols of His Wisdom. I understood the folly I had committed in cutting down one of the twin trees. An old forgotten picture of the mind revived again and I saw my brother and the lame boy going hand in hand and planting the two seeds.

The Cleverness of an Insurance Agent

by T. R. Vasudevan, I U. C.

"**W**HO goes there? Stop!" Ākanath started with fright. Who could it be that took advantage of Ākanath's going alone in such a crowdless place? Ākanath was making his way on bicycle. He was considering whether to move forward or stop. Before long he saw a man pistol in hand standing against him and crying out that his wiles would not succeed against Mayandi.

Ākanath had in his career as Insurance Agent come across many a brave and clever person. He had brought under his thumb many police officials, well-known lawyers, and also some rogues. Yet, when he heard the name of Mayandi, his limbs did somewhat tremble and he got down from his bicycle. Nevertheless, he took heart soon.

The next minute, a triumphant smile swept over his face. He removed his coat. "Look here!" he said. "I'll show my chest. Shoot me down."

Mayandi was filled with wonder. He had encountered so many persons since the time he had become a robber. Some had fought with him; some had begged of him for their lives; and some had run away from him. But never before had he seen a man that had stood fearless before his pistol with a smile on his face. Doubtless, Mayandi was a robber. But he could appreciate the heroic deeds of another. When he saw Ākanath so fearlessly welcoming death, he lowered his pistol.

"I thought you would get frightened," he observed. "Why do you make bold to die? Hand over to me what you have and go your way."

Finding that his tactic had succeeded, Ākanath took courage. "You know, Mayandi, death is bound to overtake a man one day or other. Further, it is better to be killed by a hero than in train or motor accidents. So, don't hesitate a moment. Take up the pistol and do the work." So saying, he advanced towards Mayandi with his chest open.

Mayandi was tongue-tied. He could not understand anything. "Why do you court death?" he again asked.

"I get ten thousand rupees when I die. Don't deprive me of that glorious prize. Quick! Shoot, I implore you!" he cried in a begging tone.

THE CLEVERNESS OF AN INSURANCE AGENT

"What? you get money on your death? Really? But of what use is money to you when you die?"

"Oh! pray, don't trouble me with all those questions. If you are Mayandi, in reality, first do away with me and everything will become clear afterwards."

Mayandi's wonder increased when Ākanath begged of him in such appealing terms. He suspected him to be mad.

"Why do you tarry?" Ākanath again appealed. "Don't let me off alive. Don't make me lose ten thousand rupees."

"Well, I shall kill you presently. But then, tell me how you can make a profit of ten thousand rupees."

"Don't you know how? Perhaps you have never heard of this. For if you had, you too would have made the same provision as I, since you are leading a robber's life and as such, a dangerous one. Look here." So saying he took out a paper from his pocket and showed it to Mayandi. Mayandi knew to read and write, and he found the following written on that piece of paper:—"Rs. 10,000 will be given to Ākanath after 20 years or to his legal heir if he dies within the time.

.....(Signature)
June 20, 1935."

"You have seen it yourself. This bond was written only last year, you know. Hitherto I have paid them only sixty rupees. Still, if you do away with me, they will pay to my heir ten thousand rupees. Quick! Take up your pistol."

For a time, Mayandi was plunged in thought. "You also can do so," Ākanath continued in a soft voice. "You are a robber. Yours is a dangerous occupation. You are sure to get into difficulties very often. It is sufficient for you to pay a meagre premium for every month. First, you have to pay Rs. 100."

Mayandi pulled out his purse from his pocket and handed it to Ākanath. Ākanath filled in the details in the printed forms he had and made him sign in those.

While Mayandi was handling the insurance form and looking at it with curiosity, the insurance agent jumped on his bicycle and drove off at full speed with the purse of money, leaving the poor robber gazing.

The Kadans* of the Forests of Eastern Travancore

by M. D. Varkey, II U.C.

EVERY lover of our country will like to hear that, in these times when the old ways and customs of India are being swept out of our land by the rising tide of western civilisation, there is yet a group of Indians who preserve the customs of their great-great-grandfathers, the primitive Indians. This small tribe of people is known among Malayalees as the Kadans. They are found scattered in small but separate groups in the forest regions of the Western Ghats, especially on the mountains of eastern Travancore. Only recently they have attracted the attention of many a studious historian even from far-off countries like America and England. But owing to certain serious hindrances, as you will see later on, it is believed that these historians have not fully succeeded in learning the truth about the Kadans.

The Kadans are an isolated set of people who, under no circumstances, would leave the deep thickets of mountains and appear in the cleared lands. Once they were believed to be the devils and fiends of woods; it is only very recently that people came to learn that they are human beings. Some years back an English hunter, returning from one of these forests is said to have related that he had met a "devil" somewhere in the woods. It is possible that a Kadan might have crossed his eyes. It is very likely that a man may mistake a Kadan for an evil spirit if seen in dark forests like those of Travancore.

It was some four years back that a party of hunters chanced to catch a Kadan. They brought him out of the forest and displayed him to the public. I was fortunate enough to have a glance of him for a few minutes. He was chained to a post with a long chain round his waist so that he had all the "freedom" of a gipsy's monkey. He was not keeping still: now I found him jumping about, now moving hither and thither, now

* Literally "Jungle Folk."

THE KADANS OF THE FORESTS OF EASTERN TRAVANCORE

sneezing and now screaming at the crowd with excited fury. I could not help feeling pity for this poor creature, thus entrapped by his "civilised" brothers. He was a dark, short, stout, snub-nosed creature with curly brown hair all over the body. He allowed nobody to go near him. The crowd that gathered round him remarked that he was a superior kind of monkey. But I could not believe it. For his feet and palms were similar to those of ordinary men. There were long hairs on his face. Moreover the absence of any structure to represent a tail seemed to me enough to dissipate all suspicion! The narrowness of the forehead and the disproportionately large round shape of the eyes presented a 'funny' face. The eyeballs were rolling in their deep sockets when he looked at the crowd around him. When somebody provoked him, he jumped up and down sneezing like a monkey. He could not speak anything articulate. But at times he uttered something in a hoarse tone which of course was quite unintelligible to us. When cooked rice was placed before him he rejected it. He was removed to Trivandrum, but some days after it was reported that he had died of starvation.

As I have already mentioned, the Kadans live in dense forests, cut off from the atmosphere of the modern world. They have no permanent homes. They are a nomadic race migrating from place to place. During night they are sheltered in caves and rocky grottoes. They live chiefly by hunting and by fishing. They cultivate tapioca and such other tubers in the very heart of forests without making fences round the cultivated areas. It is very curious that no beast dares to destroy their crops. It is said that they command even the most furious wild beasts with the power of some occult charm.

The Kadans are extremely timid, more timid than wild rabbits. They are always on the alert lest they be seen by modern people. When they see a stranger at a distance, instinctively they run away and vanish into some inaccessible corner. Two years back while we (a hunting party) were wandering through the Sabarimalai forest, we chanced to note a Kadan scaling skilfully and hurriedly a steep rock when he became aware of our presence. We ran after him; but the rock was too steep for even the most clever climber among our party.

To describe their life here in full is impossible, because very little is known of them. However, this much is certain, that they live in small families, that their life is totally different from the life we live and resembles the mode of life of primitive people of whom we read

THE KADANS OF THE FORESTS OF EASTERN TRAVANCORE

in very ancient history. The burial rites among them are very curious. They bury their dead in graves, in a sitting posture. All the articles used by the dead during his life—bows and arrows and other weapons and some earthen pots,—are placed in the grave beside the body. These and similar facts concerning them show how much light a further study of this curious people will throw on the primitive condition of man. We hope that the authorities of Travancore State and learned bodies in India will take steps to obtain the fullest knowledge of the lives and psychology of these Kadans of Malabar.*

*[EDITOR'S NOTE: We leave M. D. Varkey's essay more or less as it was offered, since it is a fair specimen of personal work. But our readers will be interested to know that the Kadans or Kadirs have long ago been the subject of careful study, and that they are much less primitive than our young contributor would make them out to be. They speak a patois which seems to be mixture of Tamil and Malayalam. They are so far sophisticated as to be conscious of themselves as a caste and are faithful to caste observances. There are Kadan settlements in the Anamalais both in Coimbatore and in Travancore. See Thurston's *Castes and Tribes of South India*, 1909, Vol. III, pp. 7-29, where there are excellent photographs of Kadan men and women.]

Hungarian Way

Retold by S. Subbiah, I U. C.

NCE there was a Hungarian lad who was not over-fond of studying. But he had from his father the promise that he would not beat him. The boy went on gossiping with his friends and wasting time. True to his promise, his father did not beat him at all. But one morning when his lazy son was near, he turned to his cat, and said:

"Listen to me, Puss. It is my wish that while I am away you read well, write your copies, and work all the sums. If you do not do all these things, when I return home, I shall give you such a thrashing as you will never forget."

The cat took not the slightest notice of the speech. But his son thought to himself, "Has my father gone mad?" and asked him, "why do you tell the cat to do these things when you know that she cannot?"

"I don't care whether she can or not," said the man. "If she does not do what I have told her, I shall give her such a beating that she will wish she had never been born."

With that he went away to his work. The boy waited awhile, then began to admonish the cat, "Puss, Puss, do you hear? You'd better set to study or my father will beat you." But the cat did not listen.

Soon, the boy ran out as his custom was, to see first one of his friends and then another. When he returned home, the cat was running here and there as usual. Again he admonished it:

"Pussy, if you don't study well, your master will certainly beat you." But the cat heeded him not.

When the master returned, the boy was gossiping as usual. The cat had done no work. He snatched the cat, bound it to his son's back and started beating it with all his might, till the boy cried out in supplication: "For mercy's sake, father, give over beating the poor beast. How can you expect a poor cat to study?"

The man answered, "I will give over if you will promise faithfully to study in its place in future."

HUNGARIAN WAY

"I will, I will, I'll do even better," sobbed the boy, "if only you'll stop beating it now."

So he stopped, and the boy ran to his mother to tell her all about it.

"I vow, I will study all lessons in cat's stead," said he, "I cannot abide his half-killing the poor beast on my back."

"What you have vowed," said his mother, "that you must perform. For if not, the poor cat will assuredly have another beating tomorrow." With that she sent her boy away.

Next morning the master told the cat all it would have to do. And as before, the cat did nothing. So once more he tied it to his son's back and beat it till the boy again implored him to stop. Afterwards, the boy ran to her mother. But she sent him packing before he could finish his tale.

The following day the master once again gave his orders to the cat. The poor creature neither listened nor did any of the work. But this time the boy did not forget what he had vowed. He studied all his lessons thoroughly, worked all his sums, wrote in all his copy-books; in a word, he did all that he was to do, and a bit over. For his heart went out in pity to the unfortunate cat which had suffered so much.

When the master came home again and saw the work done, "Never fear, Pussy," he said, "I will not beat you to-day." Joyfully the boy went on with his study, daily gathered knowledge and showed his tasks to his father.

The cat was never beaten from that day onward. And the boy became a model student.



by S. Venkateswaran, B. Sc., (O. B. 1934-36)

THE INDIAN SPOTTED DEER

The Flower and the Leaf

A Miscellany from Various Contributors

IN "The Little White Bird" J. M. Barrie tells of how David went to the pantomime, and came away in tears. Joey, the clown, had put a little dog into a sausage-machine, and made it into sausages. The cruelty of this turned David's joy into grief. But a few days later, the clown at his lodgings won David's heart; for he presented a huge dish of sausages as the very ones that had been the dog, and, putting them into the machine, brought out the Irish terrier. The dog had a sausage sticking to his tail. Joey supposed that it was the dog's bark. Once again David was sad at the awkwardness of a dog's having its bark outside, when the terrier settled the matter by devouring the sausage.

Contributions to the Magazine have poured in with the profusion of Joey's sausages. As Joey is not here to turn them into dog, and as they are not like doggie-sausage, but the ordinary variety, we must content ourselves with nibbling at them.

Without the wand or the magic touch of H. G. Wells, V. Bhuvaramurthy of the IV U. C., in "The Colour-Saree" treats the uninitiated to a demonstration in chemistry. This highly imaginary episode forgets to provide the demonstrator, the students, and the fair wearer of the Saree with gas-masks. Wearing ours, we shall stand in the laboratory to see what happens when the lady visitor enters.

She tripped in. Her little feet were adorned with a pair of jet-black high-heeled shoes. She was dressed after the Indian fashion in a rich, laced, delightful, orange-coloured saree. Her jacket was of the same colour, but a shade lighter, with little fringes at the sleeves. In her hair she wore some blossoms of the same light orange colour.

As she moved, gradually the flowers faded, and finally became white. We were amazed. As she approached us, her saree also gradually faded. She did not notice it. There was stifled laughter among us.

She scrutinized herself, and realized the fun. But she rose to the occasion, and asked one of us what the change was due to. Finally she said, "I have done this purposely. I want to demonstrate to you practically the effect of acid fumes, on the sodium salt of dimethyl amino azo benzene sulphuric acid—Do you know what it is? It is jargon to you. Is it not? Oh it is simply your familiar methyl orange."

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Well, I want to demonstrate to you the action of acids and acid fumes on clothes dyed with methyl orange. My dress was dyed with it, so, it has been bleached by these acid fumes."

So saying, with a smile—a little of deception and a little of coyness, she tripped out.

S. Thiagarajan's "My Adventure", which ends in the bathos of the dust-bin, may serve as a warning to those who, with head stuffed full of goblins and monsters, sneak out at night to the talkies.

Scarcely had I traversed half the distance when I fancied I saw a gloomy-looking cylindrical being squatting upon the ground right in my path. A sudden chill crept down my spine, and I imagined that I was taken by the hand of fate to certain destruction. I could not run away from the dreadful being, nor could I approach it. I was alone, and even the stars with their steel-cold glances did not appear to sympathise with me.

But I heard with relief a police-man's tramp. Much emboldened I approached, under escort, with the courage of a knight-errant, the *Dark Mass* that had threatened me. To my discomfiture and shame I found it to be a municipal dust-bin taken out of its place by some vagrant pigs or some other beasts that frequent the Boulevard Road.

K. Madian, III U. C., sends in model "copy", clean and legible; and we sigh out the wish that all contributors were as considerate. We print his conclusions on a threshed-out problem: "Is Thackeray a Cynic?"

They who have called Thackeray a cynic have spoken of him merely as a writer; and as a writer, he has certainly taken upon himself the task of barking at the vices and follies of the world. Any satirist might in the same way be called a cynic in so far as his satire extends. If Pope and Juvenal were cynical then Thackeray to his eternal honour was cynical. But that is not all that the word implies. It intends to go beyond the work of the man and to describe his heart. It implies that any satirist who has given himself up to Satire has done so not because things are evil, but because he himself is evil. If Thackeray be judged after this fashion, the word is as inappropriate to the writer as to the man.

When we consider Thackeray as a satirist, the novelist falls away into philosophising not because his satire is merciless, but because it is merciful. He wishes to soften the fall of his characters with a sense and suggestion of all flesh. In this respect, it is quite unjust on our part to condemn Thackeray as a cynic.

Even as a satirist, Thackeray fears to employ personal sarcasm. He makes his opinions known to the reader by way of half-suggestion. For example he says that all men are liars rather than say directly that Pendennis was lying. He says easily that all is vanity, so as not to say that Ethel Newcome was vain.

We all know that young literary aspirants have a weakness for poetic prose, full of colour and imagery, abounding in figures, rich in

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

diction. To rank as literature, this kind must be really "inspired"; it is no hot-house bloom, but a wild flower. It must be proportionate to the subject, else it is false, exaggerated, pompous. A style in prose which is in any way poetic needs careful handling or the reader will be deafened by resounding words, blinded by flashy epithets, and bewildered by airy nothings. The poetic style is best left to matured writers.

Antony Fernandez of the III Hons. has contributed "How Riches reign and Misery moans", admirable for its wealth of words, its sustained contrast, and a certain poetic quality; but it leaves us wondering whether "Q's" murder advice should not be applied from the very start. The story ends in tragedy.

When a golden bunch of flowers dancing in the breeze, bent down with heavy fragrance, a pretty little girl leaped with joy and sent a sweet message to it in a flying kiss. Seeing this, Babu her neighbour and friend said very compassionately: "Sita dear, shall I make you a lovely garland of those flowers?" As those sweet accents, the inmost voice of his tender heart, fell softly and thrilled through that evening atmosphere, the zephyr grew in strength and tossed that lovely bunch beyond the reach of both.

The seven wicks of a golden lamp were lit and the silken pillows spread in that stately mansion. "Sita!" cried the mother's ringing voice and the little girl darted off quickly in response. With joined hands and fervent heart, devoutly she said the oft-repeated prayers. In the mean hut near by, a tiny lamp was kindled and a sorrowful voice called out for Babu. His head was bowed, his hands were joined and his visage beamed bright with devotion as Babu stood before that radiant flame and poured forth in melodious voice sweet strains in praise of the Creator's hallowed name.

In a golden dish rich food was served, the cup of milk was full to the brim and the mother called Sita near. In a broken pot of clay coarse food was served, not free from chaff, but all that the day's wage had earned, and that mother wiped away a tear as she called Babu to his meal.

Sweet slumber sang lullaby beside that silk-spread bed into which Sita sank and fell asleep. In the lowly hut, not far away, on a half-torn mat spread on the cold floor, Babu flung himself weighed down with heavy sleep.

The garden where the quivering sunbeams played, the tender branch of a blossoming tree dancing in the breeze and the golden bunch of flowers on it were the visions which they both saw that night as their eyes were closed in sleep. Is it not clear that man's selfishness should close its eyes that the distinction of bags and rags might disappear and equality reign in this world of ours?

* * * * *

The long night faded away and a smiling coolness spread everywhere. And Matuta, the regular guest of the earth, made her appearance as usual bearing the infant sun in her arms wrapped in clothes of golden silk.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Bewitched by the glory of the golden morn Sita ran into the garden. And there revelling in delightful visions Babu stood under that small flower tree; not listening to the sweet songs that little birds poured forth into that morning air, not receiving those pearls of glistening dew that each blade of grass seemed to stretch out to him, not heeding the sweet messenger that the opening blossoms sent, and not answering even the welcoming gush of the early breeze. He welcomed her with tender love and smilingly held out the half-finished garland that he was busy preparing.

That "ours is a busy age, an age of speed" is not a discovery made by K. V. Hariharan, III B. Sc., in his paper on "Educational Cinematography". But he would imply that speed can be introduced into education, by which he understands the mere getting of knowledge. Education means a great deal more than this; and as for speed, nothing can replace effort and toil in the training of the mind and the development of character, for labour has been left to the human race by the Fall. The place of the talkies in education may be discussed. We give the gist of Hariharan's reasoning.

Any method of teaching "should awaken a student's interest, provoke his curiosity, create in him a taste for history, arts and sciences, help him to discover his own talents and guide him to his own researches". The pictures and talkies can help even indifferent children to take genuine interest in their studies. Even the dullest ones will be helped to sharpen their intelligence and even the most indifferent students will take a pleasure in obtaining more knowledge. The speaker on the screen will unlike our lecturers and teachers give weighty, loud and interesting lectures. When a student sees a scene before his eyes it will make a clear impression to his mind.

If there is any country requiring film education, it is India. Numerous people will never enter the portals of a school or College. It will prove the best way of instructing vast numbers of children with less labour, less cost and less time. Another benefit that will accrue from such a method of education is mass education. The talkies can instruct the people on topics like sanitation, health, and disease and its preventive and curative measures.

"I am sure you have not come across the Greatest War of 1936," begins Mohamed Rasheed of the II U. C., in a mock-heroic account of a battle which he entitles, "The Greatest War of 1936". It is written with a ready pen. But one would wish that the pen were sharp to cut down the account and "murder your darlings". These are Quiller-Couch's words of advice to young writers—"murder your darlings": cross out and re-write what you imagine are your best sentences and phrases. If you do not, "your darlings" will betray you into affectation which is the ruin of beginners.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

It appears that Mr. Bluddy Fierce was "pondering over the vanities of human life" when the mosquitoes commenced the attack.

All of a sudden he heard a rich melodious song. Four or five mosquitoes came flying and in a short time he began to feel the sting of their tiny but powerful weapons. At the same time many other bloodthirsty villains came near him and had the boldness and audacity to feed fat upon his blood under his very nose. Their delightful song broke one of those 'what-you-would-call-pin-drop-silences'. Fierce came to himself and saw some of the impudent rascals who dared to appear before a bold man. Meanwhile the pain became unbearable. At last he lost all patience and got into a temper. His face reddened, and he became restless with fury. Straightway he armed himself against the pressing ruffians, and, summoning all his courage, began to attack them with all his might and main, without showing the least symptom of mercy. One! Two! and Three! Dead they fell. These three unfortunate victims were within his reach and paid the penalty. When the other vagabonds caught sight of their invincible enemy, they were in a panic, and took wing in all directions. But was my friend a coward to leave them unpunished? He attacked them with an air of triumph and made four more of them yield up the ghost. He left only two of them to escape with their lives. He took some rest, and began to count how many of them had been put to the sword. He noted with pride that three mosquitoes which were fully developed, two which were in the glow of their youth and two which were in their teens had gone to sup with Pluto.

R. Chakrapani of the I U. C. entitles his piece "Poor Ramaseshan". For want of space we have to omit his well-written dialogue, and hasten to the conclusion which explains why the hero was unfortunate.

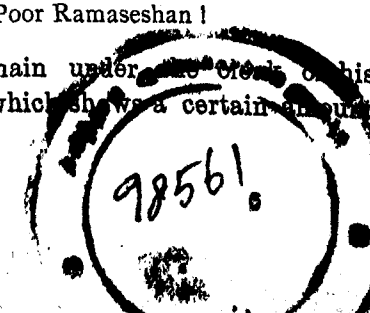
Ramaseshan went to the college. He placed his bike in the stand, entered the Lawley hall, and took a seat to write the application for the university examination. Besides him, there was a large number of students who were engaged in talking and shouting.

The Principal entered the hall and all at once there was a dead silence. A few minutes elapsed and the voice of the principal broke forth, "Let me see the student whose number is 367....."

Our friend, Mr. Ramaseshan stood erect, majestically. The principal took a view of that American-cropped student and told him in a kind tone:—"My dear friend! I regret to tell you that you have not been selected. This morning the typist was in a hurry and instead of typing number 376, he has by mistake typed your number 367."

All the blood left Ramaseshan's cheeks and, cursing his luck, he left the hall quietly. The whole hall was filled with laughter! Poor Ramaseshan!

"Hiouen Tsang" of the I U.C. shall remain under the crest of his pseudonym though his "The Magical Box," which shows a certain amount



MS. A. 21192, N34

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

of humour and an intimate knowledge of Indian domestic life, deserves to be properly fathered.

Kuppu, wedded to the ill-favoured and shrewish Janaki, led a life of drudgery, till in the hope of changing his wife's disposition he obtained a wish-box, and with his first wish made her beautiful. But the beauty remained a shrew. She was kidnapped. Then with a second wish Kuppu transformed her into a pig. This is how the story ends:—

The kidnappers were in deep dudgeon when they saw a pig instead of the beautiful Janaki. They thought that she was a witch, who had thrown dust in their eyes and escaped from them, leaving a pig behind her. Their wrath grew as the minutes passed. On whom could they show their anger? This problem was at last solved by their beating the helpless pig. That uncouth animal, squealing loudly, ran down the flight of stairs and fell into the street.

It was Janaki who was in the form of this pig. She remembered her husband and ran to his house. Kuppu was there awaiting Janaki's arrival. He saw the pig running towards his house. He dragged it inside and washed it. Then, taking the magical box in his hand and thinking that the pig should become his *old* Janaki with pock-marked countenance, magnificent bulk and every ugliness, rolled it for the last time. Next moment, the pig turned into the old ugly Janaki, who, as usual, went and sat on the threshold! Kuppu understood very well that there was no medicine in the wide world which could eradicate the evils in his wife.

Among Authors and Books

Shakespeare

by J. Middleton Murry, (*Cape*)

Shakespeare as a Dramatist

by Sir J. C. Squire, (*Cassell*)

MR. Middleton Murry came into prominence as a critic by his early studies on Keats and Shakespeare. They showed considerable analytic power, quick intuition, a warm imagination, a vivid and pointed style. This union of intellect and imagination gave promise of a rich achievement as critic. But since then, religious and philosophical preoccupations have broken up the integrity of his devotion to letters and set him on quests other than the objective interpretation of books. Still his promised work on Shakespeare was awaited eagerly. But it is an unsatisfactory and disappointing book.

It contains many pages of very excellent writing. Mr. Murry is incapable of speaking about Shakespeare without zest and penetration. He is not anxious to curb the passionate curiosity we feel about Shakespeare the man, catches in his plays echoes of Shakespeare's secret feelings, projections of events of Shakespeare's life,—a domestic quarrel with his wife, dislike of sleek, fawning dogs, the labours of planning and building a house. He has a new and on the whole a convincing theory of Shakespeare's relations with his Patron, Southampton, is convinced that the rival poet is Chapman. He reduces most of Shakespeare's difficulties referred to in the Sonnets to the periodic visitations of the Plague in London, during which the dramatic companies had to seek a precarious living by touring the provincial towns. Southampton's fault, thinks Mr. Murry, was not so much his part in the "Dark Lady" intrigue as his unwillingness to spare Shakespeare the uncertainties and humiliations involved in making a living by playing in the provincial towns. All this is written with the sureness and ease of one familiar with almost every side of Elizabethan literature.

It is when Mr. Middleton Murry follows the will-of-the-wisp of philosophic interpretation, and would read into the play of so

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

admittedly universal and objective a seer as Shakespeare, certain very modern and very deciduous social and ethical doctrines dear to Mr. Murry that we fail to follow him. Mr. Murry's turn of mind is distinctly intellectual and the resources of his style are great. But here his thought becomes over-subtle, tortuous. He reads into plain words the most personal meanings so that it is hard to say what we must understand when he speaks of God, religion, sacrament, inspiration. *Antony and Cleopatra* is, to him, not merely a glorious study of naked passion recognised as passion but the enunciation of a creed—almost of the Gospel of the flesh according to D. H. Lawrence; *The Tempest* is the prophecy of a golden age too like the one dreamed of by Marx.....

Where doctrinal bias does not come in, we have notable critical judgments: those on *The Merchant of Venice* and *King Lear* for example. Of the latter he says: "*King Lear* impresses me as a constant struggle of Imagination against Possession, a struggle in which in the main the Imagination is defeated. And Possession does not make for Poetry. The 'mad scenes' in *King Lear* have been overestimated in this regard. To my sense, the lapse of creative vigour in them is palpable and I am inclined to suspect that some such impression is the solid basis of the traditional romantic theory that the difficulty which is always found in making the mad scenes convincing on the stage is due to their very magnificence. The conception is too 'titanic,' the poetry too 'sublime.' I do not feel that. On the contrary I believe that many of the scenes are evidently the work not so much of a tired as of a divided man—and a man divided in the sense I have tried to indicate: intermittently possessed by a vision that is inimical to the spontaneity of Imagination."

Sir J. C. Squire's book is less ambitious. His object is to dwell on Shakespeare's mastery of stage-craft; he shows how Shakespeare's plays are really *dramatic*. His work therefore is in the line of the modern reaction against the romantic interpretation of Shakespeare of which Coleridge is the great master. Shakespeare's primary concern was to interest his audience, by telling them a story as effectively as possible. Plot construction was therefore more important in his eyes than originality or even consistency in characterisation. It follows also that this necessity of professional success kept Shakespeare very close to his audience, and that all over-refinement of thought, subjective preoccupation with ideas and doctrines not shared by his audience, were alien to his purpose. Sir J. C. Squire therefore would agree with Sir Walter Raleigh, whom however he does not quote, that we must abandon the dogma of the all-sympathetic

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

Shakespeare if this universality of sympathy implies a prescience of the future developments of European thought. "Raleigh," says Professor C. H. Herford in "A Sketch of Recent Shakespearean Investigation," "shows us a Shakespeare who was a supreme observer, artist and poet, but in experience, habits, and outlook, a pretty normal Elizabethan man, the stuff of whose plays is that same common Elizabethan humanity, and that common Elizabethan experience, transmuted but not effaced or attenuated by his art" (p. 41).

The book is written with Squire's accustomed vigour, and contains many examples of his causticity. There is an excellent chapter on dialogue as a means of revealing character and forwarding action, and much skilful exposition of Shakespeare's devices to evoke scenic backgrounds—woods, camps, wastes, the ocean—deprived as he was of the elaborate and novel scenic arrangements which are at the disposal of the modern playwright. Nevertheless the book does not leave an entirely satisfactory impression. It is marred by too frequent over-emphasis, there is too much of the note of protest, of the consciousness of doing what nobody else has done. After all, the excesses of the purely poetic interpretation of Shakespeare are a thing of the past. Modern critics, notably Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his "Shakespeare's Workmanship," have not been blind to the technical side of Shakespeare's art. It is to Sir John's credit that he has performed the task in a more systematic way and in this lies the chief merit of his work.

J. D'S., S.J.

Humour

by Stephen Leacock (*The Bodley Head*)

It will come as a surprise to some to know that a learned Professor of Political Science, whose erudite books on that subject are widely and justly popular, is at the same time the author of a score and more of books of fun and humour. In the present volume Stephen Leacock deals with the theory and technique of humour and offers for our instruction and entertainment many "examples and samples". He feels sure that his book will answer a longfelt need. "Few people," he says, "know anything about humour, or analyse or think about it.....For all other literary and artistic acquirements there are classes and courses, schools and colleges. People with a talent for music take music lessons. Children with a gift for drawing are taught art. But no one teaches funny boys humour."

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

Can humour be taught? Yes, says Leacock, but adds, "Teaching humour would not mean teaching people to make fun of things, but teaching people to understand things. Humour at its highest is a part of the interpretation of life." Then he proceeds to draw up a syllabus for a course on Humour, a perfect parody of the college courses on learned subjects.

But his analysis of humour is more convincing than his theory explaining the origin of laughter, for he takes for granted that we are evolved from lower animals. All humour is based on the perception of incongruity and requires an element of surprise. When the incongruity is merely verbal, as when the same word brings into connection two things that really have nothing to do with one another, we have the pun. Most of the jokes, witty answers and the funny stories that we find in our magazines and journals are based on this form of incongruity. Beyond this is the higher stage of the humour of character, turning on contrasts, of incongruities that make up queer people. "Beyond this again is humour in its highest meaning and its furthest reach which does not depend on verbal incongruities, or on tricks of sight and hearing. It finds its basis in the incongruity of life itself, the contrast between the fretting cares and the petty sorrows of the day and the long mystery of the tomorrow. Here laughter and tears become one, and humour becomes the contemplation and the interpretation of life."

Another interesting chapter is devoted to national characteristics. It is well worth knowing what such a great master of humour has to say on the peculiarities of English, Irish, American and French humour. The chapter entitled: Technique of the Greater Humorists, gives a learned and accurate study of the humour of the supreme masters of fun: Dickens and Mark Twain.

The philosophy of laughter is a great and inexhaustible subject and has been ably handled by thinkers like Kant and Bergson. Leacock's treatment of it does not go deep enough because he is hampered by his materialistic outlook on life, for a materialistic philosophy can never satisfactorily explain rational phenomena—and humour is a purely rational thing. Yet this book is a good introduction to the subject and will surely induce the reader, if not to become funny, at least to understand fun.

H. P., S.J.

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

New Light on the most Ancient East

by V. Gordon Childe (1935)

Prof. Childe has made a name for himself as a judicious and competent authority on prehistory. The present volume is evidence of his great power to select and present the vast array of facts and inferences now made available by archaeological exploration. He calls it the "oriental prelude to European prehistory," and thus the bulk of the book is taken up with the description of the prehistoric cultures of Sumer, Egypt and India. The discovery of the Indus valley culture is of course the most thrilling romance in modern historical scholarship by which at one stroke India took her place by the side of her more celebrated contemporaries as one of the earliest seats of human culture. The account given in chapter VIII of the Indus Valley culture is the best short account that has appeared. But on the vital question of priority—which of the three is anterior in time as well as sequence to the others—Prof. Childe is extremely cautious and contents himself with saying: "Going backwards from the third millennium, the civilisations of India and Babylonia do tend to converge as they should if both were differentiated from a common stock. But for determining such a stock or defining its character the data are still inadequate." Nevertheless he admits that the discoveries at Susa and Elam create a strong presumption in favour of the latter as the prototype of the Indian as well as Babylonian cultures.

The study of prehistory is often more fascinating than history itself and it will be difficult to find a more competent guide to prehistory than Prof. Childe.

T. S.

Lingua Sanscritika

by M. Rampolla del Tindaro. Pp. VI-259. Rome: Bardi, 1936

It may seem strange to Indian readers that a Sanskrit Grammar should be written in Latin at this time of day. But Sanskrit is nearer to Latin than it is to any modern European language, in grammar and syntax and even in vocabulary. Besides, this Grammar has been written for the students of the Pontifical Seminary in Rome, where Fr. Rampolla del Tindaro is Professor of Sanskrit and teaches men who come from every part of the world and are united by a common faith and a common and ancient language.

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

The language in which it is written, therefore, will restrict the usefulness of this Grammar, if not entirely, at least mostly, to Catholic seminaries and colleges. But its arrangement and get-up deserves unmitigated praise. The Sanskrit type, on thin glazed paper, comes out clearly and beautifully, better than that of any other Grammar I know, even Macdonell's. The lessons are laid out in an easy gradient of difficulty, with examples, vocabulary and exercises to illustrate each. In fact, the distinctive mark of this Grammar is that it gives the student a test of his understanding of every step in declension, conjugation and syntax, by offering him carefully chosen exercises in translation from Sanskrit into Latin and from Latin into Sanskrit *in the same book* with the theory of these mysteries. In this respect it resembles Bhandarkar's *Steps* and surpasses them by containing all in a single handy volume.

The second part consists of a choice Anthology culled from such fragrant trees as the *Mahābhārata*, the *Bhagavadgīta*, the *Rāmāyana*, the *Mānavadharmasāstra*, the *Panchatantra*, and the *Kathāsaritsāgara*. Beginners and scholars alike will welcome Kunti's lamentation and Arjuna's discourse on the eternity of Brahman and the hymn to Vishnu in the *Gitagovinda*. A translation of the "Pater Noster" is an apt *finale* to this work of a Catholic Sanskritist. There is a fairly complete "Vocabulary" to help the translator.

We do hope this practical and scientifically produced Grammar will be soon translated into modern languages. It deserves a larger field.

T. N. S., S.J.

Editorial Notes

The Visit of the Acting Vice-Chancellor

THE visit of the Acting Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, to the College was an unexpected pleasure for which we wish to thank him once again. He was on his way to Madras after concluding, with other members of the Syndicate, a Commission of Inquiry at one of the Colleges of Madura. A railway accident unfortunately disorganised the original programme, and hence we could not receive him on Saturday the 11th, as we had hoped. Our Students were thus deprived of the pleasure of hearing a first-rate orator speaking with authority on educational matters.

His arrival on Sunday however gave us the opportunity of organising a meeting of a more intimate kind. The "At Home" to which Rev. Fr. Rector invited the members of the College Staff was a perfect little function. After the members of the Staff were introduced to the guest, Fr. Rector welcomed him in a felicitous speech in which he referred to the distinctions attained by different members of Dr. Lakshmanaswamy's family, and to his distinguished career as Doctor, and as member of the Senate and Syndicate. He concluded by saying that since the Vice-Chancellor was undoubtedly a man of virtue, that one "Vice—" should not long cling to him and that we all wished we would one day be able to welcome him as the Chancellor of the University.

Dr. Lakshmanaswamy made a moving speech in reply. He referred to his friendship and regard for Fr. Bertram and paid a tribute to his colleague in the Syndicate, Fr. Carty. Though it was the first time he was visiting the College, St. Joseph's, and the work it was doing, was very familiar to him because of his friendship with many members of the Staff. He paid a tribute to the work of the Society of Jesus which it is not necessary for us to reproduce here.

Before the gathering dispersed Dr. Lakshmanaswamy spent a few minutes talking to different members of the Staff. It is with peculiar pleasure that we record this happy "family gathering."

The Rejection of the Scheme of Part III English

Many of our readers are aware that a scheme for the provision of an optional study of English under Part III of the B. A. course has long been under consideration. The Academic Council at its meeting of the 30th August 1934 had declared itself in favour of it. The subject was further considered by the Board of Studies, and the scheme being once again approved, a formal resolution was placed before the Academic Council at its meeting of the 21st August 1936. The newly constituted Council however rejected the proposal by a majority of 13 votes, 37 voting for and 50 against it.

We cannot help expressing our satisfaction at this decision of the Academic Council. True, the present syllabus of the B. A. course does not provide for a really wide and deep study of English Literature, under Part I. Lovers of Literature therefore, and particularly the many who believe in the benefit to be derived from a wider diffusion of the English classics among Indians, cannot but applaud the motive that inspired the framers of the new course. Nevertheless their own object would in the long run have been defeated by the success of the plan. It was no doubt expressly stated that the compulsory course provided in Part I would be left "without substantial change" "*for the present.*" Apart from the irksomeness of judging what constitutes a "substantial change," the intention to modify Part I before long is so manifestly implied, that it was precisely this consideration more than any other that turned the opinion of the House against the proposal. Mr. H. C. Papworth, Principal of Presidency College, put this aspect of the question with a cogency that made a deep impression on the members. He said that

"They had come to a parting of the ways. The real question was whether they were going to continue Part I, compulsory English, for all students of the B. A. course or whether they were going to substitute for it a course which would merely impart what was called a practical and workable knowledge of English, English as a means of everyday expression.

To put the optional English course into Part III was not so attractive as to retain the present compulsory English course in Part I. He pleaded, in the light of the experience of many of them, that what was called the cultural course of compulsory English in Part I had been and was still of inestimable value to all educated people in the Presidency. For

many years they had a real course of culture from which thousands of graduates of that University had derived the utmost advantage and without which they would have found themselves at a great disadvantage. As they read the newspapers and listened to public speeches and tried to find out the ideals and ideas of educated Indians they were impressed over and over again by the fact that many of the highest moral and social ideas and political ideals which were given expression to were derived from, and fostered by, the study of English literature. (*Hear, Hear.*)

He could not help feeling that to take away that compulsory course of English from everybody would be to produce an inferior type of intellectuals. If they wanted a workable and everyday knowledge of English they need not go to the B.A. stage. The speaker knew a motor-car driver who had a most excellent knowledge of everyday, workable English, but nothing of his outlook came from English. He had no knowledge of English which was going to make him a better man. That knowledge came only from a study of English different from what was called a working knowledge of English as medium of expression."*

By way of conclusion we shall only add that the institution of the Honours and B.Sc. courses with English reduced to the minimum is sufficient provision for those desirous of specialising in optional subjects. Hence weakening compulsory English in B.A. would tend to merge it more and more with the B.Sc., or the Honours courses, and ultimately to the total suppression of this time-honoured degree. Those of us who look upon the Humanities as an essential part of education, cannot regard this prospect with equanimity.

Higher Education and Unemployment

Against the foregoing views it will almost certainly be objected that it is just the excess of the literary element that has discredited Higher Education in India by rendering our graduates unfit for employment. Unfortunately even the Government of India seem to support this view, in their circular on "Educational Reconstruction."

"A practical solution," we read therein, "of the problem of unemployment can only be found in the radical readjustment of the present

* *Madras Mail*, Aug. 21st 1936.

EDITORIAL NOTES

system of education in Schools in such a way that a larger number of pupils would be diverted either to occupations or to separate vocational institutions."

This statement implies that if only young men would cease to look to a University degree, there are enough of occupations and jobs requiring technical skill awaiting them. Now, this is more than doubtful as there are in India already hundreds of technically and professionally qualified men without employment. Moreover the circular seems to believe that it is easy to "divert" pupils into vocational schools. This too is equally doubtful. These recent years have, it is true, seen a slow fall in the number of College Students in the Presidency. But the fall will not continue indefinitely. The increasing number of those receiving elementary and secondary education will inevitably increase the number of candidates to the College classes. Employment or no employment, young men will want to qualify for a degree. And it will be the duty of educational authorities to encourage them to do so by insisting on the cultural value of the degree, and maintaining intact the cultural elements in the University courses. "The conception" said Mr. N. Kuppuswamy Iyengar, of the Training College, Trivandrum, in a paper read before the All-India Educational Conference, Guntur,* "The conception of education as something intended to make a man to earn his living arose in the nineteenth century and was intended to pacify and win over the poor intelligentsia of the country to the side of the governing classes. It was considered an inferior kind of education good enough for these classes. Years ago, Ruskin warned the working classes of England against this conception. You know the results of this policy: Europe is fast becoming two armed camps,—Fascists and Communists.

The very efficiency of technical Education by replacing unskilled men by skilled men, and skilled men by machines continuously throws out of employment a large number of both unskilled and skilled workmen. All this talk about literary and mechanical aptitudes is a psychology of wish fulfilment. It has no scientific basis to stand upon. And what is more important, no psychologist of standing claims that he has discovered a satisfactory method of detecting these aptitudes at an early age, at the end of the shortened secondary course."

This does not by any means imply that practical considerations should be left out in framing a scheme of liberal education. The Indian youth

* *The Hindu* Jan. 10, 1937. The whole paper is marked by unusual freshness of outlook and vigour of expression.

EDITORIAL NOTES

needs to have his practical abilities developed very early, for this is a recognised means of physical and moral training. The youth with quick eye and deft hand overcomes timidity and clumsiness in the social circle. But practical ability is one thing and technical training quite another. Mr. Kuppuswamy concludes his illuminating paper in words which cannot be bettered.

"In any scheme of education, the old dualism of culture *versus* utility, vocational *versus* liberal education must be given up. Literary and scientific studies, and the practical pursuits should occupy parallel position in the whole scheme of education from the Elementary School through the Secondary School, to the end of the University Course. A Collector or a clerk will be a better Collector or a better clerk if he has been made to do a bit of spade or wood work when he was at school."

Old Boys

THE Hon'ble Kumararaja Muthiah Chettiar, Minister of Education, paid a brief visit to the College on November the 7th. He was accompanied, among others, by his Council Secretary Mr. P. V. Krishnayya Choudari. We welcomed him with joy for, apart from the great official position which places him in close relationship with educational institutions, his one year in St. Joseph's as student of the School Final Class in 1917-18, had established personal relationships between him and many members of our staff which the years have not cooled. Unfortunately the short time at the disposal of the Minister prevented us from offering a more elaborate reception than the one we could organise. But it was a cordial little function with all the students and Members of the Staff assembled in the Lawley Hall, and with the College Band in attendance. The Principal welcomed the Minister in a short speech. The Minister in his reply spoke first of his vivid recollection of the stay he had made in our midst and paid a warm tribute to the late Fr. Bertram, to Fr. Carty and other members of the Staff whom he had known.

"It is an admitted fact," continued the Kumararaja, "that all the Missionary institutions, particularly institutions managed by the Society of Jesus, have helped considerably the progress of education in India. In our presidency, who can think of education apart from the great work done by the Missionary institutions? Though it is only a few years now since the Loyola College was established in Madras, it has already taken its place along with the best conducted First Grade colleges in the presidency. As the Minister for Education I acknowledge with thanks the work of Missionary institutions in the field of education."

The Minister next said that he had visited their museum and scientific departments which had considerably improved and which compared favourably to the best in India.

Addressing the students, the Minister said that young men required advice from young men who had had opportunities for service. In Madras the older generation was extremely good and considerate to the younger. He instanced the kindness shown by the elderly members of the City Council in Madras in choosing him, a youth, successively for two terms



Mr. C. V. NARASIMHAN, M. A. (Oxon.)
I. C. S. Probationer.



THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION AT THE COLLEGE.

OLD BOYS

as the Mayor of Madras. That was an indication, he added, of the spirit of good will that the older men showed to the younger.

"You have my sincerest and best wishes," added the Minister, "for a bright and happy future. I do hope that you realise that you are the hope of to-morrow and that you must be properly equipped to serve your country well and truly. The task is by no means an easy one, but believe me when I say that a good deal can be achieved by practising the virtue of restraint. This is the time when you should acquire knowledge by every means in your power and know all that is happening in the world. Later when you rise to man's estate and find yourselves in the world of action you will find that the days spent in college and the qualities acquired there will stand you in good stead. In any case, this is not the time for excitement or excess in speech or action, and St. Joseph's College is an excellent seminary in which to acquire the qualities of patience, forbearance and mutual understanding which you will need in the battle of life."

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With the greatest pleasure we record the success of C. V. Narasimhan, (Hons. IV-A 1931-34) in the last I. C. S. Competitive Examination held in England. Narasimhan was a brilliant student, an excellent speaker, (he won the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri Gold Medal for debate in 1934), and secured a first class in the Honours Examination. To everybody's surprise the University gold medal for Politics was not awarded to him but he has now secured better prizes! A year after he joined the University he secured a II Class in History Honours—we understand that a I Class in this examination is ordinarily considered to be beyond the reach of mortals! And now he stands fourth among all the successful I. C. S. candidates, first among the Indians.

He writes to say that he has to spend a year of probation in England. "Life is somewhat pleasanter than it was last year because I haven't got to slave day after day for the sake of an exam. I am enjoying the greater leisure and spaciousness of my present condition, though now and then I look back wistfully over the strenuous days of last year when every day saw a new book taken up or an old one mastered."

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Rao Bahadur N. S. Rayaluswami Pillai, till recently Personal Asst. to the Inspector General of Prisons, Madras, has been transferred to

OLD BOYS

Trichinopoly as Superintendent of the Central Jail. Thus two brothers among the best known and most respected of our Catholic Old Boys find themselves in Trichinopoly. Rao Saheb N. S. Kulandaiswami Pillay, Dy. Director of Agriculture, is approaching the end of his career in Government Service. Those who took part in the different functions in connection with the Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition in Srirangam had full evidence of how much he has striven for rural uplift and how widely his services are appreciated.

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Elsewhere we publish the list of contributions so far received for the Fr. Bertram Memorial Fund. The list is of course by no means closed as collections in Trichy Town itself have not been systematically made. Local collections in other centres too are being made by devoted Old Boys. The response in general and the enduring affection for Alma Mater revealed in many letters have been a source of happiness to us. We cannot resist the temptation to publish a few extracts.

Mr. G. V. Pai, Chief Accountant, Madras Port Trust—classmate and intimate friend of Mr. Totadri Ayyangar—writes:—

“Dear Rev. Fr. Bertram’s death at a comparatively early age has removed from our midst a towering personality, a dear and kind patron, and benevolent soul. In life he was a saint on Earth and when I met him just on the eve of his departure to Kodaikanal for the fateful operation, he was as cheerful and kind as ever. To me, a visit to him was a pilgrimage and he always had a good deal of affection for me. You know how much he helped me. Lately I had taken my two little sons to Loyola College to make their salutations to him. He was very pleased with them and blessed them.”

Mr. P. A. Subramanya Ayyar, Department of English, Annamalai University:

“It’s right that I am commissioned to collect funds. Who more indebted to Father Bertram than I?”

But I object to the tone of your letter. You beg where you ought to command. I would beg you to bear two things in mind: first, my loyalty to the Alma Mater, and secondly, Father Bertram’s universal popularity that makes it easy to collect money for his memorial.”

Mr. V. Tyagaraja Ayyar, St. Xavier’s College, Palamcottah, writes a letter almost angry in its sense of ignored affection. Those who know

OLD BOYS

the writer do not of course need this proof of the strength of his attachment to the College. But surely he knows as well as anybody that Alma Mater does not measure the depth of loyalty by the height of the Cash-box!

“Your kind cover was duly received today. In fact, I have been wondering for some time why my old St. Joseph’s refuses to recognize me as one of her sons tho’ only a poor son. I have never before had the privilege of a membership of the O. B. A., never was I asked to do my little bit of service for my Alma Mater. I quite see that such services must be voluntary to be efficacious: but I have been thinking all along that my Alma Mater is looked after by other and richer sons of hers and had no mind to trouble my poor self.

I feel honoured to be asked to do something for Fr. Bertam Memorial Fund. In fact I have not yet received the printed manifesto. But manifesto or no, none knows better than you that I am very much indebted to the late lamented Fr. Bertram. I owe my all to him. When I heard of his death, tears stole down my cheeks without my knowing.”

From Mr. V. Ramanathan, M.A., L.T., Maharaja’s College, Ernakulam:—

“Concerning the Rev. Fr. Bertram Memorial, I shall gladly render all possible help. I deem it a matter of imperative duty. I have had a talk about this with Dr. Papali, Mr. Paul D’Alapat, Mr. M. R. Ramachandra Ayyar and Mr. G. R. Narayana Ayyar. They are all willing to do their duty to the College. I trust you have sent the appeal to all of them. Dr. Papali and myself shall work up this centre. Do write to Dr. Papali also. In fact we two have decided already to work together for our old College.”

And this last from Mr. A. Subbiah, M.A., Agent, Imperial Bank of India, Erode, touching by its very brevity and restraint.

“Memories of the many personal kindnesses I received at the hands of the late Father when I was a student of your College during the years 1914/1918, particularly the unasked offer of a free scholarship for my Honours Course in the College, are still fresh in my mind and it has always been a matter of regret to me, that I had no opportunity of meeting the late Rev. Father Bertram after I left College except once or twice.”

College Hostels

I. Boarding House Chronicle

17th June.—The College reopens for the seniors and it would be a pretence to state that we are happy about it. The vacations are short and the terms are long; cannot some reformer reverse this lamentable state of the students? Our times are propitious for reforms of this kind.

26th June.—Junior classes begin and it is some consolation to know that new people are willing to share our fortune. The juniors move about like so many embarrassed phantoms, feeling their way amidst strange surroundings. The quest for learning never produces more serious countenances than when the college reopens.

2nd July.—A condolence meeting is held in the Lawley Hall with Rev. Fr. Rector in the chair, over the lamented death of Rev. Fr. Bertram, S.J., former Rector and Principal. Rev. Fr. Principal paid a moving tribute to the memory of the great educationist who was mourned throughout S. India. Further tributes were paid by the members of the staff.

19th July.—The Feast of the Corpus Christi is celebrated with the customary grandeur. Beautiful altars and decorated pandals are erected by the artistic talents of our students. The vast congregation marches in ordered silence enlivened by the music of the band and the choir. Solemn Benediction concludes the grand celebrations of the day.

25th July.—We honour Our General Prefect, on the day of his Patron Saint. St. Xavier's Hall presents an animated appearance where the assembled students receive him with thunders of applause when he enters it; this time it is not to read notes and lecture us on our delinquencies. Rather we do the lecturing and the good Father looks unconcerned when his truly admirable qualities are unfolded in his presence.

31st July.—It is the eve of the Retreat. Rev. Fr. Gonzalves, S.J., preached an impressive retreat. These three days of intense silence were more usefully spent than all the other days of the year.

4th August.—Coming out of the retreat, we went out on a long morning walk along banks of the Coleroon. After light refreshments we return from a very enjoyable but uneventful expedition.



"THE PROSCRIBED HEIR"
College Day Drama, 26th August.



"CHRIST'S CAPTAIN"
C. T. A. Drama, 8th November.



BOARDERS (1 Division) AT PLAY.

COLLEGE HOSTELS

15th August.—St. Thomas' Day. Our brothers from the West coast celebrate the feast with great enthusiasm. But St. Thomas is no less ours than theirs.

25th August.—The Rector's Day. There was no class in the afternoon and there were no showers.

26th August.—The College Day. The boarding took its rightful share in the sports of the day. We are proud that Messrs. P. K. William and Gnanapragasam are the winners of the Championship Cup. In the evening the prizes were distributed by Dr. F. X. D'Souza, I.C.S. (Rtd.), M. L. A.

The "Proscribed Heir" was staged by the actors who were mostly from the first division.

30th August.—The Candle light procession started from the altar in front of the Engineering Workshop and reached the church, providing not merely a devotional but a charming side of our life.

11th September.—The Michaelmas vacation begins.

24th September.—The College reopens.

24th October.—We went on our annual pilgrimage to the Holy Redeemer's.

25th October.—The Kingship of Christ. The Catholic Young Men's Federation holds its anniversary with His Lordship the Bishop of Trichinopoly in the chair. Rev. Fr. D'Souza, S. J. delivered an address on "The Kingship of Christ in a rebellious world". His Lordship spoke impressively on the need for organising ourselves for Catholic action.

8th November.—The anniversary of the Catholic Truth Association: "Christ's Captain" was an impressive performance staged by the 1st Division boys.

29th November.—His Lordship administered the sacrament of Confirmation.

1st December.—The amalgamation of all associations under the name of the C. T. A. within the college, functioning as the college section of the Catholic Young Men's Federation was announced to the satisfaction of all. We may look to very useful and sustained activity in the future under the zealous direction of Rev. Fr. Pinto, S. J.

COLLEGE HOSTELS

8th December.—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The first division altar was beautifully decorated with flowers. After supper we assembled for night prayers and the occasion was made particularly charming by our expert musicians and the college band.

11th December.—Christmas Vacation begins.

II. Hostel Notes

June 17th.—The hostel begins its activities along with the College. The big bosses alone are there, busy with their files and documents, so that when the recruits arrive, they may observe 'a serious air about them. But soon the liveliness of the quadrangle, verandah and bathroom are revived and everyone finds a "real" change in each other. At least a temporary change is necessary to satisfy the interrogator. The chat in the mess is so curious, varied, and captivating that no one cares to set right wrongly-set leaves and hands are put forward when the curry is served!

June 26th.—Even Fathers-in-law cannot show a hospitality so genuine as Clive's. The inquiring though apparently casual looks of the seniors assure the warmest welcome to the younger friends. For a time the hostel assumes the state of a revelling class room before teacher and birch make their entry. But introductions are prompt, and the accompanying guardian always finds the best friend for his ward. The whole drama is begun again and before long the shy caterpillar develops into a bold butterfly.

June is over, and with July a whole page in the calendar almost blank. But there is no murmur, the period being the honeymoon time of the academic year. The local theatres are unable to cope up with the rush without wounding the feelings of the patrons. The consolation is that equal hunger is shown for the books too.

July 18th.—The two sections do not miss their feast. The Malabar section is contented with the routine meal.

July 31st-August 4th.—The Retreat holidays. The railway authorities are astonished at such a large number of parties, out for "educational purposes." The feast on the 2nd (Sraavanam) is fully enjoyed by the inmates, and a beautiful rendering of *Julius Cæsar* with Brutus and Cassius alone, is highly appreciated by the big audience.

COLLEGE HOSTELS

The tiny vacation is spent gloriously. Everyone is refreshed. "But are not the examinations near?" "It is August you must remember; you have yet a month," is the immediate reply.

Meanwhile, the "indigenous industry" referred to in the previous chronicle has given place to a milder variety. At night, the melodious voice of the jasmine sellers and tooth-powder agents successfully replaces the music we were getting before. And these, in conjunction with other wonderful tunes we hear from time to time serve as a soothing lullaby to the University babies.

August 26th.—The College Sports. We do splendidly and annex some cups and medals. The tactful training and the correct command "Ready! left, right, heave!" of the coach produce their effect on our tug-o'-war team, for whom the job turns out to be an easy one.

August 30th.—"The old order changeth yielding place to new." Did Tennyson foresee the events at Clive's to write such a bold line? The Malabar section celebrates the *Onam* festival in all its "comprehensive grandeur." We have begun it only this year, and we hope that it will be carried on by the juniors. The American carries his identity wherever he goes; and now, the Malabari too. Well done, comrades! But be sure of the bananas, at least next year!

September 7th.—The College examinations begin, with their usual awe-inspiring features.

September 12th.—The Michaelmas vacation commences. The readers are referred to the *Flower and Leaf* of the previous January issue for a description of the hostel scenes on the closing day. New garments for conservatives are unwelcome, you know.

But even during the vacation the hostel is not lifeless. Many members find it better to linger behind and enjoy the Sweet Air of Silent Clive's. Possibly, the sacred precincts of the Students' Home have greater attraction for them than the cosy little parlour of their country homes.

The holidays come to an end in the last week of September and the twenty-fourth morning of the month finds the members again at the hostel, each with a basket of the daintiest eatables. College uniforms are again donned and books begin to get soiled. No wonder there is a current saying, "Get to Trichy and get a pass."

COLLEGE HOSTELS

October.—The C.C.C. (Clive's Cricket Club) is in high spirits. Three polished sticks from the almond tree form the wickets. The bat is not too battered and the contents of the ball can just peep through the narrow cleavage. What of that! There are our fast bowlers, steady batters, prompt fielders, dutiful wicket-keeper, the tactful Captain besides the other gems of the field and the funny spectators who never get tired of uttering the names of all the cricketers of the world. "Beau-u-u-u-... tiful" says one. A fine sixer is hit and the warden's voice is heard, "Splendid! Don't repeat it and break another tile!"

October 24th.—May the goddess of learning be propitious to us. Books are closed to-day only to be used again the next day with greater vigour. The day is spent in merry chat. Conversationalists wax eloquent about things they have seen and done and—every one pretends to believe them!

November turns out to be a busy month. The gossip has subsided, and every room is filled with faint murmurs from lips bent over weighty tomes. The examination is fast approaching. But that is no reason why we should not observe the *Deepavali* festival on the 13th. Eating, of course, forms an integral part of the enjoyment. Even the gravest find it almost impossible to resist childish impulses. Crackers burst on every side and new clothes flash at every turn.

November 19th.—The Selection examination. Lights even up to the small hours of the morning! Electric energy is consumed in large amounts. But that cannot compensate for the physical energy lost. Yet what an amount of mental energy are we gaining! But soon it is all over and the last month of the year has arrived. The few days before closing are spent in the happiest way possible.

The sixth morning finds the U.T.C. members of the hostel departing for the annual camp. A great animation is there, and 'wish you a pleasant Camp!' is heard everywhere. Four days later the hostel closes along with the College, and the members march off to their homes, mostly in batches of four, armed with applications for Railway concessions.

K. N. K.



Fish (of the Carp family, Tamil "Kende") hooked in the Clive's House tank. Length: 26 in.; round, 20 in.; weight 13 lbs. Its power of attraction was greater than its weight as it drew out most of the inmates of Clive's and kept them detached from their books for more than an hour!

Rector's Day and College Day

N the afternoon of the 25th August, 1936, the staff and students assembled in the Lawley Hall to offer their greetings to the Rector of the College. Welcomed with enthusiasm, the College band drowned the vociferous cheers of the vast gathering exceeding 2000 and continued its melodies till Rev. Fr. Rector took his seat on the dais. The several addresses composed in the known and unknown languages, with marked literary excellence were then read with intervals of delightful music.

But the most enjoyable item was the *Kolatam* of the younger boys whose performance was a combination of graceful movements and pleasing melodies. An original item added this year and enjoyed by all was "Pyramid Building" which requires the greatest courage on the part of the tiniest boys. Rev. Fr. Rector spoke appreciative words about the staff, held up to the youthful audience the example of great men who achieved success by perseverance and hard work. As usual his words were as pointed as they were brief.

In the evening the prizes for High School were distributed by M.R.Ry. Ranganatha Mudaliar Avl., our popular D. E. O. A separate annual report was presented as in the last year by the Headmaster.

The following day began with sports early in the morning. Punctually at 7 o'clock the programme began. We insert here an account of the sports written by Th. Mathias, III B.Sc.(Hons.).

"Tense excitement prevailed among the spectators about the result of the 100 yds. dash. Should the elder or the younger Lobo be the champion? Off went the gun, and the race began. It was a hard race, but L. Lobo won a good yard over his brother, V. Lobo.

The next item of interest was the 120 yds. hurdles. P. K. William sprung a surprise on us by winning the race in fine style. He had previously won the half-mile race, beating N. A. Rengaswamy who was a hot favourite, but his triumph in the Hurdles at once catapulted him into prominence. Williams was now a factor to be reckoned with in the fight for the championship.

RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

We now had an amusing item for the "young 'uns," in the shape of musical chairs which provided the spectators with hearty laughs. Then came the 220 yds. dash. It was a veritable clash of Titans, but L. Lobo once again proved himself to be without an equal. C. Thomas came second, while P. K. William added two points to his aggregate by securing the 3rd place. The Alarm race for our budding warriors of the U.T.C. was easily won by L/C A. L. Peter, who was spruce as well as lightning fast in dressing.

Through the megaphone came the deep tone of the announcer. The crowd was hushed into silence and expectation. It was the mile race or rather it was William's race, though Rengaswamy the favourite ran a game second. After a few unimportant items, the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile race was announced. Peering amongst the row of competitors, I was quite surprised to see Williams as fresh as paint, as if this was to be the 1st event of the day. This thin live-wire athlete seemed to possess an endless store of vitality. The race was run and L. Lobo again touched the tape first, but P. K. William was close behind.

The result of the Tug-o-war between "Clives" and the "Blues" was a foregone conclusion.

"Clives" by reason of their greater weight and training made short work of their opponents. The other items were speedily over, when a burst of applause pointed to the arrival of the distinguished President, Dr. F. X. D'Souza, I.C.S. (Rtd.), M.L.A., whose tall and athletic figure was very appropriate to the function. Amidst tumultuous cheering P. K. William walked up to receive the Championship Cup which he had so well merited. He had snatched the coveted prize from L. Lobo by a narrow margin of two points. The High School Championship Cup was awarded to Gnanapragasam."

In the evening the function of distributing prizes for the College began with the report of the Principal. The report disclosed a high record of academic success in the public examinations, and the first upward trend in the strength of the College after six years of decline.

The President after distributing the prizes to the successful pupils delivered an address in the course of which he said that exactly half a century ago at the beginning of the academic year 1886 he was admitted into the portals of that institution as a third University class student. After a course of two years study he graduated from the institution with

RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

sufficient merit so that he was awarded the Government of India scholarship to proceed to England. The scholarship laid the foundation of his career in after life. Unfortunately the sphere of his activities lay in places remote from the College, and it was only by vicarious contact he had been able to maintain connection through the members of his family a good many of whom had been educated in this institution.

Continuing, the President said he believed in the influence of culture. He regretted to see the study of Latin entirely neglected in the College. He remembered the affection with which his late Professor, Fr. De Noircourt, taught him Latin and French and the culture he possessed in these languages was due to him. If the Rev. Fathers would permit him, he would make a humble attempt in his own way to popularise the study of Latin by awarding Rs. 100 to the boy who passed highest in Latin in the annual examination. He hoped this would encourage the study of Latin, because in his advancing years he derived no greater pleasure than reading Latin literature after his day's labours not only for the pleasure it afforded him but also for the fact that no greater wisdom could be obtained elsewhere.

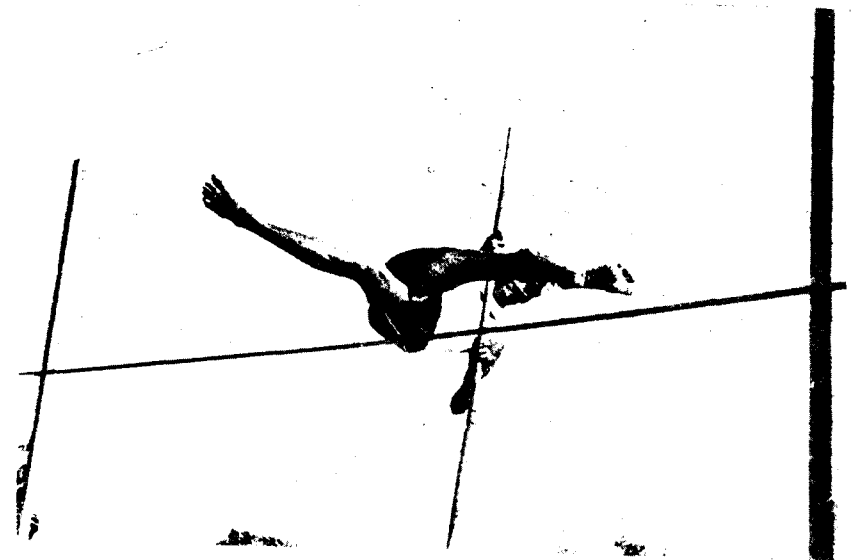
Addressing the students of the College, the President quoting from a speech made by Lord Irwin at a Christian College said they would be among the rulers of India in the next 50 years and asked them what their education in the institution prepared them for. It had been the glory of Christianity, the glory of an institution like that to instil in them those principles which were necessary for laying the moral foundation of the State and whether they were Christians or non-Christians, the instruction they had received from the College would enable them to lay well and truly the moral foundation of the India of the future. Great was their responsibility in the India of the future when autonomy would be given them in the Provinces and they had to guide themselves and make their own destiny. Great would be their responsibility, especially at the present moment, when there were waves of opinion destructive of all moral principles, destructive of all civilisation. He was speaking of those attacks made against the maintenance, preservation, purity and education of the family in these modern times. They in South India had combated these attacks quite successfully, as shown in the stand South India had taken, in the matter, for instance, of the establishment of "Birth control" clinics. But the speaker believed that students should widen these beneficent activities. Village uplift as preached by

RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

Gandhiji and rural reconstruction urged by the Viceroy were objects worthy of their efforts. Every right-thinking person wished that the poverty in which the masses lived should be removed.

The drama staged on the occasion was "The Proscribed Heir". The acting maintained the usual high level of College theatricals; the eloquence of the mountebank Codliver was particularly appreciated. The success of the play spoke volumes for the ability of our new Stage Manager, Fr. R. Masters.

A. H.



COLLEGE DAY SPORTS



College Societies

I. The Literary and Debating Society

The inaugural meeting was held on 24-7-1936 with Mr. K. Chinnasamy Aiyar, M.A., in the chair, when Mr. P. S. Sundaram, M.A. (Oxon.), moved "That in the opinion of the House it is better to break heads than count them." In explaining his apparently murderous resolution, the speaker declared that democracy had proved a sham and a failure, that several nations had abandoned it as a hopeless method of Government, and that dictatorship had proved a very successful and effective method of Government. Turning to political theories, he declared the social contract was a myth and a delusion, and government by popular consent as unreal and dangerous. The achievements of dictators in Italy and Germany even if they involved the breaking of a few heads, must convince any one that national greatness could only be accomplished by the wise and strong government of one man rather than by the crowd.

Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L., leading the opposition, stated that it was unwise to frame an indictment of democracy by the events of a decade in Italy and Germany, that dictatorships were a negation of personal freedom and that no spectacular achievements of a dictator could compensate for the loss of human dignity and liberty which was inevitable under the system. The failings of democracy were nothing in comparison with the enormities committed by the dictators whose policies had brought Europe and the world into the present confusion and a state of perpetual conflict. Mr. S. V. Lawrence, M.A., Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A., and several students spoke on the motion, which, on being put to the vote, was lost.

On 6-8-1936, a debate was conducted with Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L. in the chair when Mr. George Thomas, B.A., moved "That in the opinion of the House Shakespeare did not achieve greatness but greatness was thrust upon him." In explanation of this startling proposition the mover stated that in comparison with other poets and dramatists, Shakespeare had been unduly overrated, that several of his contemporaries had written greater dramas, and that Shakespeare fell short of true greatness in many respects. He was opposed by Mr. George P. Thekkakara who contended that it was rather late in the day to question the place of this great

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

dramatist, and that the only merit about the motion was that it was striking by its novelty. The motion was lost.

"The New Constitution must be Worked" was the subject of another debate held on 1-9-1936. Mr. V. Lakshiminarayan, IV Hons., in moving the resolution, contended that it would be unavailing to attempt to wreck the reforms, and as they conceded complete provincial autonomy they deserved to be worked. The well-known arguments against the reforms were advanced by several speakers who carried the day.

On 31-10-1936 Mr. S. Suriamoorthy, II U. C. moved "That the Law is an ass," and the debate provoked such interest that it had to be adjourned to another day when the motion was carried.

The last meeting for the term was held with Mr. V. Sesha Iyengar, B.A., in the chair when Mr. T. Venkataraman, B. Sc. (Hon.) delivered a lecture on "Subramaniya Barathi."

Our meetings were well attended, particularly by students of the Intermediate Classes, who regularly participated in the debates.

GEORGE THOMAS,
S. SURIAMOORTHY,
Secretaries.

II. The Historical and Economic Association

At a business meeting held on 21-7-1936 Messrs. T. N. Karpagavinayagam and V. Joseph of the IV University class were elected Joint Secretaries of the Association for the current academic year.

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. S. K. Sarma, B.A., B.L., on 14-8-'36. Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J. presided on the occasion. In the course of a learned paper on "The Outlook for Socialism," Mr. Sarma denounced in no uncertain terms the abuses of the present capitalistic society, making pointed reference to the appalling poverty and indebtedness of the Indian peasantry. Considering the remedies to them, he dismissed the rural reconstruction schemes of both the Government and the Congress as no more than tinkering with a serious problem and plumped heartily for socialism—for an extensive programme of socialisation of the banks and financial corporations, the joint-stock companies and the public debt. For the relief of the debt-crushed peasants he pleaded for a bold policy of

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

debt-redemption by the state instead of half-hearted and innocuous measures such as Debtor Relief Acts and Conciliation Boards.

In his concluding remarks, Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., agreed with the lecturer in condemning the excesses of modern capitalism. But he pointed out, differing from the lecturer, that the true remedy lay not in socialism as the latter thought, but in social reform. For socialism destroyed personal liberty while social reform preserved and promoted it; and that made a world of difference between the two and consequently between the social systems based on them.

On 28-8-'36 Mr. K. R. Avadhani, B.A., B.L., addressed the Association on "The Future of the League." Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar, M.A., presided. Tracing the origin and development of the League of Nations and examining its present position, particularly in the light of its action—or inaction—in the Italo-Abyssinian war and the Manchuko affair, the lecturer held that the future strength and expansion of the League depended on two primary conditions: the maintenance of an impartial attitude to all nations, great and small, white and coloured, and the adoption of military sanctions.

Three debates were held respectively on 3-9-'36, 8-10-'36, and 22-10-'36. At the first Mr. Krishna Rao, IV Hons., moved "that the Italian conquest of Abyssinia is a blessing in disguise to the Abyssinians and to the world at large." Mr. George Thomas, B.A., Post-graduate, opposed the proposition. It was lost. At the second, the proposition, "that Regional security is of greater importance than Collective security," was moved by Mr. M. L. Venkatanarasimhayya, V Hons. and opposed by Mr. V. J. Mathai, V Hons. and carried. The subject of the last debate was: "that political ends can be achieved only by the doctrine of the sword and not by non-violence." Mr. B. C. Verghese, III Hons., moved and Mr. V. Srinivasan, IV Hons., opposed the proposition—which was carried. Deploring the vote of the house, the Speaker, Mr. M. Arogyaswami, M.A., explained that the conditions justifying resort to the sword were found rarely if ever, and that the normal means of achieving political ends was non-violence, that is, constitutional means.

T. N. KARPAGAVINAYAGAM,
V. JOSEPH,
Secretaries.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

III. The Scientific Society

The inaugural address of the Scientific Society for the current year was delivered on the 10th Oct. 1936 by M.R.Ry. P.E. Subramania Iyer Avl., M.A., Professor of Physics, on "Photo-phone, Phono-phone and Television." The lecturer surveyed the whole field of sound and light photography with a highly technical eye and explained the science behind the "romance" of cinematography, in a way which was both easily understood and appreciated by strangers to advanced Physics. He then gave a sketch of the construction and working of a photo-electric cell and an instructive account of the process of televising, ending his speech with his characteristic remark, "it is more for training man in strict moral discipline than for the gifts of science, that man was made."

On the 2nd Nov. 1936, Mr. P. P. Venkatasubramanian, V B.Sc. (Hons.) delivered an address on the "Exploration of the Atom." Mr. N. Ananthakrishnan, M.A., Lecturer in Physics, presided. The lecturer gave a clear and comprehensive account of the subject. The chief characteristic of the lecture was that it did not involve high principles of mathematics, unintelligible to an average audience. The concluding remarks of the president were so illuminating that a separate lecture by him on the "Atom" will be arranged early next term.

S. R. GOVINDARAJAN,
Secretary.

IV. The Mathematics Association

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by Mr. B. Rama Murthy, M.A., of the Annamalai University, on Saturday, the 8th August, 1936, on "Einstein and World Structure." Rev. Fr. C. Racine, S.J., D.Sc. (Paris), presided. The lecturer spoke at length on the theory of relativity, its scope and the activities of Prof. Einstein connected with it. He explained the relative nature of space and time, and showed how the theory may help the advancement of dynamics and astronomy. Father President congratulated the lecturer on his interesting address and M.R.Ry. T. Totadri Aiyangar Avl., M.A., thanked the lecturer and the audience.

We had two more meetings during the period under review. The first was an ordinary meeting, held on Monday, the 31st August 1936,

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

with Mr. V. Ranganathan, B.A., (Hons.) in the chair. Mr. M. P. Kutty Krishna Menon read a very instructive as well as interesting paper on "The Origin of Numerals." The President while congratulating Mr. Menon hoped that the other students would also take active part in organising meetings.

The last meeting held this term, was an extraordinary meeting on Tuesday, the 13th October, with Rev. Fr. C. Racine, S.J. in the chair. M.R.Ry. N. Ananthakrishna Iyer Avl., B.A. (Hons.) of our Physics Department, delivered a lecture on "Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy." There was a very fair audience and the lecture was greatly appreciated.

G. S. RAMAKRISHNAN,
P. R. ROWTHAN,
Secretaries.

V. The Sanskrit Samajam

The Sanskrit Samajam commenced its activities for this year early in August 1936 with the election of the Secretary and the class-representatives.

The inaugural meeting was held on the 14th August 1936, when M.R.Ry. R. Vasudeva Sarma Avl., M.A., B.L., of the National College delivered an address on "The Importance of the Study of Sanskrit." The lecturer explained how a study of Sanskrit was essential to make one's experience of life perfect as it offers sufficient materials for study in all the various fields of human knowledge like sociology, jurisprudence, politics, the fine arts, astronomy, botany, anthropology etc. With profuse quotations from the Vedas and the other sources, he showed how these subjects were treated by the Sanskrit writers. The ancient culture of our land, and the Vedanta Philosophy, the lecturer said, could be fully grasped only by a close student of Sanskrit. He concluded by exhorting the audience to study Sanskrit in all earnestness, as such a study would elevate the mind and equip the student for life. The meeting, which was very well attended, dispersed after a vote of thanks by the President of the Samajam.

On the 22nd August '36 Mr. V. G. Govindan Achan of the IV U. C. gave a lecture on "Bhavabhuti's Uttararamacharita," and dwelt upon the several excellences of Bhavabhuti's dramatic art, his characterisation, plot structure, and his poetic skill, laying special emphasis on his masterly

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

handling of the sentiment of 'pathos'. The President of the Samajam as chairman brought out the peculiar merits of Bhavabhuti's style.

This was followed by another ordinary meeting on the 12th Oct. '36 when Mr. K. Rajagopalan of the II U. C. spoke on "Kalidasa and Sri Harsha, as literary artists." M.R.Ry. T. Totadri Iyengar Avl., M.A., presided. The lecturer emphasized the several distinctive features of the two great poets, their similarities and dissimilarities. The President beautifully summed up the merits of the two poets by saying that Kalidasa was a king among poets and Sri Harsha was a poet among kings.

Mr. R. V. Seshadri of the II U. C. spoke on 12th November on "Samasya" under the chairmanship of Mr. M. M. Mani, M.A. The lecturer explained "Samasya" as a literary feat which consisted in coherently and intelligibly completing a verse, of which only a fragment was given. After dealing at length with the popularity of "Samasya" among the ancients as a literary exercise, he quoted plenty of examples of classical samasyas. The President in his concluding remarks recommended the study of classical works where Samasyas were found in abundance.

The last meeting for the period under review was an extraordinary one held on the 6th Nov. '36 when M.R.Ry. A. Srinivasa Raghava Iyengar Avl., M.A., of the Maharaja's College, Pudukottah, gave an address on "The distinctive features of Bhavabhuti's art." After a brief but attractive preface in Sanskrit, the lecturer traced the development of Sanskrit poetry from Valmiki to Bhavabhuti, and then spoke on the details of Bhavabhuti's life as gleaned from his writings. Dwelling on the salient features of Bhavabhuti's art he said that the Bhavabhuti's plays have greater plot-interest, that his style had greater skill and less of spontaneity, and that his pictures of Nature had more of the wild, awe-inspiring and sublime aspects, than we could find in the writings of Kalidasa. He also laid stress on the pathetic element which was the special claim of Bhavabhuti to greatness. The President of our Samajam, who was in the chair, delivered his concluding remarks in Sanskrit, in the course of which he complimented the lecturer on his learned performance, summed up the several points of the lecture and exhorted the audience to cultivate the power of speaking in Sanskrit.

R. SRINIVASAN,
Secretary.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

VI. தமிழ்ச் சங்கம்

8th August

இச்சங்கத்தின் முதல் மாபெருங் கூட்டத்திற்குத் தலைமை வகித்துச், சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றி, இளைஞர்கட்குப் புத்துயிர் அளிக்க, அண்ணாமலைச் சர்வ கலாசாலைத் தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியர், உயர்திரு S. சோமசுந்தர பாரதியார் அவர்கள் அருள்கூர்ந்து இசைந்தார்கள். பாண்டி நாட்டு வெண்முத்தை எதிர் சென்று வரவேற்றுக்களித்து நான்காம் வகுப்பு மாணவர்கள் தமது ஓய்வு நேரத்தைப் பயன்படுத்திக்கொண்டார்கள்.

மலை நான்கு மணிக்கு, லாஷி மண்டபத்தில், மாணவர்களும் ஆசிரியர்களும், மற்றும் தமிழ் அன்பர்கள் பலரும் வந்து ஆவலுடன் குழுமி இருந்தனர். அவர்தம் உள்ளத்தில் உள்ள உற்சாகம் முகத்தில் நன்கு தெளிந்தது. கூட்டத்தின் முதலில், நமது தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியர் சங்கத்தின் தலைவர் M. நடேச முதலியார் அவர்கள் பாரதியார் அவர்களின் தமிழ்ப் புலமையையும், தமிழ்க் கென வாழும் தகைமையையும் எடுத்துமொழிந்தார்.

பின்பு, அவைத் தலைவர் அவர்கள், தமிழர் நாகரீகத்தைப்பற்றித், தமது கம்பீரமும், பெருமிதமும் வாய்ந்த சொற்களால் ஒரு அரிய சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றினார். "மக்களின் நாகரீகத்தைக் காட்டுவது அவர்தம் ஆடை அணிகள் அல்ல. அவர்களது சீரிய மனப்பண்பே. அம்மனப்பண்பை, அவர்களது இலக்கியங்கள், தன்னகத்தே கொண்டுநிற்கும். அவ்விதமாக, தமிழ் இலக்கியம், பவனமும் முத்தும் மணியும் கொண்டு விளங்கும் ஒரு விரிந்த கடல். உதாரணமாகத் தொல்காப்பியம் என்னும் நூல், இற்றைக்கு முவாயிரம் ஆண்டு கட்டு முன்னமேயே இயற்றப்பெற்ற தொன்று. அது ஒரு இலக்கண நூல். அதாவது மக்களின் மன நினைவுகளைத் திருந்திய வழியில், ஆற்றுப்படுத்தும் ஒரு நூல். ஆகவே, அப்பொழுதே தமிழர் நாகரீகமுற்றிருந்தனர். நினைவிற்கும் எட்டாத கால முதற்கொண்டே தமிழர் நாகரீகம் உடையவர்கள். சிலப்பதிகாரத்திலும், மணிமேகலையிலும், தமிழர் நாகரீகத்தின் மேம்பாட்டையும், பத்துப் பாட்டில் தமிழ் மக்கள் பிறநாட்டு மக்களோடு பழகிய மாண்பினை யும், திருக்குறள், நாலடியார் முதலிய ரீதி நூல்களில் அவரது உயர்தர ஒழுக்க நெறியையும், பாக்கக் காணலாம். தமிழர், வீரமாகிய ஞாயிற்றைத் தங்கள் தெய்வமென நினைத்து வழிபட்டு வந்தனர். கருணையாகிய திங்களைத் தங்கள் உயிரென எண்ணினர். தமிழர் நாகரீகத்திற்கு வேறு என்ன சான்றுவேண்டும்?

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

இவ்வாறு நாற்றிசையிலும் புகழ் பாப்பியிருந்த தமிழர் நாகரீகம் இப் பொழுது ஒளியிழந்து நிற்கிறது. நம் மக்கள் நமது மொழியைப் புறக்கணித்து வருவதே அதற்குக் காரணம். ஆகவே தமிழ் இளைஞர்களின் முதற் கடன் தமிழர் நாகரீகத்தைப் புதுப்பித்து முன்னிருந்த நிலைக்குக் கொண்டுவருவதே. அதற்காக அவர்கள் செய்ய வேண்டுவதெல்லாம் நமது தாய் மொழியில் திருந்த நினைப்பதும் எழுதுவதுமே” என்று கூறினார்கள்.

பாரதியார் அவர்களின் நாவன்மையால் தமிழ் இளைஞர்களின் தமிழ் அன்பு மீண்டும் பசுமையுற்றுத் தளிர்ந்தது. தமிழ் முன்னேற்றத்திற்குப் போர் நடத்தி வெற்றி பெற்றுவரும், தமிழ்த் தாயின் அருந்தவப் புதல்வர் பாரதியார் அவர்கட்கு, தாம் செய்யக்கூடியதெல்லாம், அவர், அணிந்துள்ள மாலையின் இதழ்களை ஒத்த வாணனை அவர் அடைய இறைவனை வணங்குவதே என்று சங்கத் தலைவர் அவர்கள் கூறினார்கள். அன்று பாரதியார் அவர்களின் சொற்சிறப்பு தலைவரைப் பிரிய மனமிலாது அவரைத் தொடர்ந்து சென்ற மாணவர்களின் முகத்திற்கழிந்தது.

21st August

சங்கத்தின் இரண்டாங் கூட்டம் இன்று நிகழ்ந்தது. அதுகாலை, நமது தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியர் M. நடேச முதலியார் அவர்கள் தலைமை வகித்தார்கள். நான்காம் வகுப்பு மாணவர் திரு. இராம முர்த்தியவர்கள் குகன் பெருமை என்பது பொருளாக ஒரு சொற்பொழிவு நிகழ்த்தினார். அவர், குகன் வாலாற்றைச் சுருக்கமாகக் கூறியபின், குகனது பெருமை அவன் கங்கை யிருகையுடையவனாய் இருந்ததில் இல்லையென்றும், கணக்கிறந்த நாவாய்களை யுடையவனாய் இருந்ததில் இல்லையென்றும் ஆனால் அவனது தலையாய அன்பே அவனது பெருமைபாகும் என்றும் கூறினார்கள். இராம முர்த்தியவர்கள் குகனது பெருமையை உணர்ந்திருப்பதில் என்ன வியப்பிருக்கின்றது?

1st September

சங்கத்தின் மூன்றாங் கூட்டத்தில், நமது கலாசாலைப் பேராசிரியர், உயர் திரு. V. சேஷ அய்யங்கார் அவர்கள், தலைமை வகித்து ‘நாட்டு-பாட்டு—மொழி’ என்பதுபற்றித் தமது தேன் மொழியிற் பேசி, உருக உருக வைத் தார்கள். ‘திங்கள் கண்டு பொங்கிய கடலென’ மாணவர்கள் இருந்தனர். அவர் ‘ஒரு நாட்டிற்கு உயர்வு தருவது, அந்நாட்டின் மொழிவளனே—யென் றும் அதிலும் பாட்டு என்னும் இன்பவூற்றே என்றுங் கூறினார். ‘பாட்டு என்பது பொருட்சுவை யின்றி, இப்பொழுது தெருக்களில் பாடப்பட்டுவரும்

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

பாட்டுக்கள் அல்ல. மக்களின் உள்ளத்துணர்வின் ஒங்கலைத் தன்னகத்தே கொண்டு என்றும் மிளிரும் பாட்டுக்களே பாட்டுக்கள் என்று கூறப்படும். அவ்வாறான பாட்டுக்கள் இயற்றுவதில் கம்பர் முதலாய தமிழ்ப் புலவர்கள் பிற மொழிப் புலவர்கட்குச் சிறிதும் பின்னடைந்தவர்கள் அல்லர். தற்காலத்தில் அத்தகைய உயிருக்கு இனிய பாட்டுக்களைப் பாடியவர் ‘பாரதியார்’ அவர் கள் என்று கூறிச், ‘செந்தமிழ் நாடெனும் போதினிலே’ ‘பாரததேசம் என்று பெயர் சொல்லுவார்’ ‘பாப்பாப் பாட்டு’ முதலிய இனிய பாட்டுக்களைக் கல்லுங் கரைந்துருகப் பாட, பாரதியார் அவர்களின் உயரிய மன நிலையையெல்லாம் தங்கள் ஆசிரியரின் தூய மனப் பனிக்கினிற்கண்டு மாணவர்கள் உவகை எய்தினர். சங்கத்தின் தலைவர், தாங்கள் சேஷ அய்யங்கார் அவர்களின் கனிவு உரைகளை எல்லாம் மாதம் ஒரு முறையாவது கேட்க விரும்புவதாகக் கூறினார்கள்.

23rd October

சங்கத்தின் நான்காங் கூட்டம், சங்கத் தலைவர் தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியர் அவர்களின் தலைமையில் இனிது நிகழ்ந்தது. அதுபோது மூன்றாம் வகுப்பு மாணவர் திரு G. இராமச்சந்திரன் என்பார் ‘சீவகசிந்தாமணியும் கட்டியங் காரணும்’ என்ற தலைப்பின்கீழ் ஒரு அரிய சொற்பொழிவு நிகழ்த்தினார். அவர் முதலில் சீவக சிந்தாமணியின் சரிதச் சுருக்கத்தைச் சுவைபடக் கூறிய பின், சச்சந்தன் எவ்வாறு நாவலர் சொற் கேளாது நலிவுற்றான் எனவும், வினைவேறு சொல் வேறுபட்டார் தொடர்பு எவ்வாறு அவனுக்குக் கனவினும் இன்னாத தாயிற்றெனவும், கட்டியங்காரன் கோது செய்குணக் கோதினுட் கோது எனவும் எடுத்துமொழிந்தார். வழக்கம்போல் அமைச்சர் நன்றி கூறக் கூட்டம் இனிது கலைந்தது.

29th October

ஐந்தாங் கூட்டம் நமது தமிழாசிரியர் அவர்களின் தலைமையின்கீழ் நடந்தது. அதுகாலை மூன்றாம் வகுப்பு மாணவர் திரு முனீசாமி என்பார் வீரத்தமிழர் என்பதுபற்றிக் கேட்டார் வியப்ப ஒரு இனிய சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றினார். மனிதப் பிறவியின் உயர்வுக்குக் காரணம் அவர்தம் உயர் குணங்களின் சிறப்பே என்றும், அவ்வுயர் குணங்களில் முன்னணியில் நிற்பது வீரமெனவும் பண்டைத் தமிழ் மகளிருங்கூட தம் உயிர்க் காதலனினும் தம் அருமை மைந்தனினும் வீரத்தையே போற்றி வந்தனரெனவும் இன்னும் அவ்வீரம் அழிந்து ஒடுங்கிவிடவில்லையெனவுங் கூறி, தம் உரையைப் பல சான்றுகளால் மெய்ப்பித்தார். பலரும் வழிமொழிந்தனர். அதுபோது,

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

உருக்கிய வெள்ளியென நளினமாகச் சென்றுகொண்டிருந்த அருவி இளைஞரின் உள்ளத்துணர்வின் பெருக்கால் கரை புரண்டோடிப் பாவ, ஆசிரியர் அது கரைக்குட் சென்று பயன்படுதலின் சிறப்பை எடுத்துரைத்தனர்.

6th November

இச்சங்கத்தின் ஆறாவது கூட்டம் இன்று மாலை ஐந்து மணிக்கு நிகழ்ந்தது. நமது சங்கத்தின் தலைவர் அவர்கள் தலைமை வந்தார்கள். அதுபோது மூன்றாம் வகுப்பு மாணவர் திரு V. கந்தசாமி என்பார் கம்பர் கவி நயத்தை நயத்துடன் கூற முன்வந்து செந்தமிழ் மொழிக்கலைத் தீர்தன் அமுதைச் செம்பாகமாக எடுத்து அளித்து உவகை தந்தனர். தலைவர் அவர்கள் தமது மாணவர்களின் அறிவின் செல்வத்தைக் கண்டு பெரிது மகிழ்ந்தனர்.

7th December

இச்சங்கத்தின் ஏழாம் கூட்டம் இன்று மாலை இனிதின் நிகழ்ந்தது. தமிழாசிரியர் அவர்கள் தலைமை வரிக்க இசைந்தார். அப்போது மூன்றாம் வகுப்பு மாணவர் திரு ப. நாராயணசாமி என்பார் அன்பு என்பது பற்றி உருக்கமாக ஒரு சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றினார். உயிர்களின் உயிர், அன்பு என்றும் அன்பும் இறைவனும் ஒன்றேயென்றும்; அன்பு, அருள், பக்தி, காதல் என பலதிறப்படுமெனவுங் கூறி ஒவ்வொரு வகையான அன்புக்கும் அரிய உதாரணங்களை எடுத்துக்காட்டினார். வழிமொழிந்தோர் பலரும் திறம் படப் பேசினார்கள். அவர்கள் எடுத்துக்காட்டிய அன்பின் செய்கைகள் எண்ணிறந்தனவாயிருந்தன. தலைவர் அவர்களுக்கும், உபன்னியாசகர் அவர்கட்கும் மற்றும் அன்புகூர்ந்து வந்திருந்து கூட்டத்தைச் சிறப்பித்த தமிழ் அன்பர்கட்கும் அமைச்சர் சார்பாக வந்தனம் கூறப்பட்டபின் கூட்டம் இனிது நிறைவுற்றது.

P. R. ராவுத்தன்,
Secretary.

VII. The Malayalee Samaj

Our work began with a business meeting on 14th July 1936, when Messrs. D. Mathew, IV U. C. and C. M. Chakkunny, II U. C. were elected Secretaries for the current academic year.

Inaugural Address

Rev. Fr. Mathew Paramkulankara, B.A., delivered the inaugural address on the 25th of July. M.R.Ry. R. Keralavarma, B.A., B.L.,

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

Assistant Traffic Superintendent, S. I. Ry., presided. The President of the Samaj welcomed the guests. The lecturer spoke on the necessity of starting Universities on linguistic lines. Tracing the achievements of the Universities of Andhra and Annamalai, the learned lecturer pointed out the need of a Kerala University in the near future. The concluding portion of the lecture was a lucid exposition of the benefits which a language like ours can derive by such a University. The President gave a fairly long address by way of concluding remarks and the speech was very much appreciated by the audience for its lucid simplicity and abounding humour.

Ordinary Meetings

We held three ordinary meetings during this half year. The first time we met for a debate with Mr. C. C. Chacko, B.A., as the Speaker. Mr. C. A. George, III Hons. moved the proposition that "Art has no moral aim" and Mr. K. O. Augustine, III Hons. opposed the motion. The resolution was defeated by a narrow majority.

Mr. N. P. Inasu, III Hons. spoke on "Kumaran Asan and his contributions to modern Malayalam Poetry," at the second ordinary meeting when Mr. M. M. Mani, M.A., presided. He dwelt on the meritorious services rendered by Asan to Malayalam literature, touching on Leela, Nalini, and other immortal productions of the poet.

The last ordinary meeting was presided over by Rev. Fr. P. C. Mathew, B.A. Mr. I. Z. Cherian, III Hons., spoke on "World Peace and the League of Nations." He contended that world peace can never be attained by the League. In the course of his lecture, he compared the League to the Theban supremacy in Greek History and President Wilson to Epaminondas. He concluded by saying that when Mr. Wilson died and Mr. Lloyd George and other vigorous advocates became powerless, the power of the League also crumbled.

D. MATHEW,
C. M. CHAKKUNNY,
Secretaries.

U. T. C. Annual Camp

6-20 December '36

The Advance

UR College quadrangle presented the spectacle of a Mobilization Depot during the forenoon of Sunday, 6 Dec. 1936. The trooping in of "Footsloggers" dressed in uniform Marching Order, the appearance of the Bugle Band, the elaborate transport and commissariat arrangements and the bustle of the N. C. Os on duty verily gave the impression that the long-whispered armageddon had come true. The scallywags and urchins of the town had gathered at the gate and stood gaping in mute astonishment at the proud little devotees of Mars bound for the Pallavaram front.

We were all formed up in close column at the appointed time, and stood agog; but quick as lightning came the resounding command to advance in column of route. As we took a solid wheel past the gate, we were cheered up by the wireless messages of "au revoir" from our Non-combatant stay-at-home Collegians, which were received at the muzzle end of our D. P. Rifles. Near the Clive's House we marched on with a bit of swank to the great envy of our Hostel mates still yoked to the triple thralldom of book, balance and pedagogue. Our pride knew no bounds as we marched through the China Bazaar Road thronged on either side by an admiring crowd of onlookers. The end of the march saw us happier still, as we had a delicious lunch on arrival at the Town Station. Accommodation in the train was ample and the journey was thoroughly enjoyed, thanks to the hearty company, the evening Tea at Vriddhachalam and the excellent supper served with onion sauce and dessert at Villupuram I. R. Room. No wonder we found ourselves in the arms of Morpheus early in the night dreaming Heaven knows what!

We were rudely awakened in the early morning as the train halted with a jerk at Pallavaram Station. There appeared on the left an imposing figure with a green service cap and a short stout malacca. "The Adj, the Adj"—the word was passed, and it gave way to "edge"; and on looking at the siding edge, the presence of the Adjutant with his kind beaming face cheered us as much as if it were another sunrise.

U. T. C. ANNUAL CAMP

A two-mile march brought us to Pallavaram barracks where we were greeted by the oblique gaze of our Madras comrades-in-arms sweating over "crows and cranes". Thus the idyllic dreams of the night gave place to the realities of a camp of exercises, not however the horrors of a theatre of war.

The Daily Grind

Looking back on the daily routine, the writer can hardly pass over the habit—so suddenly formed and so wonderfully kept up—of getting up early in the morning (frightfully early indeed to those born with a genius for late bed), of having a good shave (and occasionally a scratch too with a dry blade), of rushing up for chota and rifles (we could not think of the one without the other), of forming up for a half hour freshening P. T., and of a quick dressing up for Parade which lasted an hour and a half. The kitchen call for breakfast never found us late for sitting. With this reinforcement we were ready for another three half-hour Parade, which kept our appetite on edge for tiffin. The evening saw us busy either with regimental or company duties, or inter-company league matches, or decoration of company lines, or a bit of strolling around camp (occasionally sneaking out of camp bounds too). Supper was served punctually and so the contractor escaped the C. O's Office! It is a matter for no small gratification that he escaped also our carping criticism; for ghee was good, buttermilk was plentiful, curry was fine and the gravy would have been more palatable had garlic been tabooed. But for this it was all too good to be true.

The training that was provided for us was as it should be,—carefully planned and faithfully carried out. Nothing would be more boring than eternally sloping arms and firing dummies. But very interesting items such as Battle Formations, Use of Ground and Cover, Section Stalks, Trench Digging and Map Reading, besides Lectures and Demonstrations on the Use of Gas Masks, the Clearance of Casualties on the Field, the Platoon in Attack and Defence and Fire Alarm—all these interspersed with Drill and Musketry exercises kept our tails up. The demonstration of how and how not to use ground and cover was the most entertaining and instructive of all. We were thoroughly amused by the sight of our picked N. C. Os rolling along the open ground for a score of minutes with rifles hoisted up in blissful ignorance of the enemies' watchdogs, and popping up their heads through ruts and shrubs like a cat at the basin of

U. T. C. ANNUAL CAMP

milk. The rendering of the same by the S. S. Is. opened our eyes to the immense possibilities of covered approach that a broken piece of country offers. The test of all this training was seen in the long Route March of ten Miles to Tambaram and back,—an unprecedented event in our annals—which we did to a man without fret or fatigue.

Competitions

The second week witnessed a lot of excitement over competitions. Our football teams played gloriously and won a decisive victory over every other company. Our forward line was an admirable pack, and the presence of one of our Officers on the back line was of no small consequence to the team; and above all the vociferous cheering of Jolly Swamy and Party proved a wonderful tonic.

It is idle to pretend that we did our best in Hockey. We not only lost the Cup which we annexed last year, but even failed to finish as runners-up. It was no doubt a misfortune to be deprived of Cdt. Ambrose, our centre-forward and Captain, who was absent in Madras playing Cricket for the University. But this could not by any logic be regarded as a sufficient excuse for such a poor finish.

In Cross-Country Race we maintained our fair record, thanks to the excellent speed of Cdt. Rangasamy, who finished first for the second year in succession breaking his own record this time. But though we won the individual championship cup, we again narrowly lost the Team Cup to the Engineers, since their first twelve arrived home earlier than ours did. Success in this race depends not only on stamina, but also on getting a good start so as to be with the leader of the team, keeping pace with him with a steady effort and finishing as a bunch. The individual Cup has long remained with us; and there is no reason why we should not annex the Team Cup also. A knowledge and application of the above principles will, it is hoped, bring us the desired result.

In the Route March Test we acquitted ourselves well, but lost the first rank. Our turn out was good, but two other contingents had forsworn the night's sleep to polish the brass parts of their equipment. The March discipline was equally good and the organised song about the empty whisky bottle put us all in proper swing; but a recruit had a camel's legs which could not escape the notice of the Examiner. The long and short of it was that we were ranked third.

U. T. C. ANNUAL CAMP

We fared worse in Guard Mounting Competition owing to most unpardonable faults of commission and omission. It is a harrowing tale that an initial mistake committed by a couple of our smartest N. C. Os utterly demoralised the whole team. Nor is it any consolation that the defaulters have not lifted their heads ever since.

But we amply made up for this in Drill Competition, where we finished second best. In Drill we had scored the highest rank, and we were remarkably good in turn out; but the fluttering Chevron on the arm of a Corporal cost us the Cup, which we lost to the Medicals by just one per cent. It was a shocking disappointment to us, but we reconciled ourselves with the consolation that it is better to lose by a very narrow margin than to win by a narrower one.

The Athletics Cup was a foregone conclusion. The Tug of War Competition was won with an effort which was accredited as a topping show. Our Shot Putters made magnificent putts. Our Half Mile and Mile Teams were easily the best. The Sprinters did exceedingly well indeed, but for one who dropped the baton both in 100 yds. and 220 yds. dashes. When we realised that but for this egregious slip we could have had the Cup all for ourselves (we now share it with the Loyola and Mahomedan), we could hardly forgive it. We however drowned our regret in the glorious triumph achieved by Cdt. Rengasamy in the Open Mile Race amidst the loud cheers of the whole Battalion headed by our Adjutant. The triumph was all the more unique as Rengasamy had run the Half-Mile just half an hour back and had consequently to contend against fresh competitors.

We are also happy to record that we annexed the Attendance Cup, though here again we are not the sole claimants to it; for Loyola and Engineering contingents also had brought their full strength to Camp. We do not regret having to share this cup: it would be jealousy if we did so. On the contrary, we would welcome all contingents to a share of this Cup, particularly as it is the biggest in our show.

One wonders why with such uniformly high rank in almost all events we once again lost the Willingdon Shield for all-round efficiency. We cannot but confess here that our Musketry Record pulled us down heavily. The "Bulls" and "Inners" refused to move towards our bullets during our last annual Musketry course. Is it unreasonable to hope that with all the concentration we have made on Musketry in the last term we should give a better account of ourselves in our Classification this year, and endeavour to gain thereby a good lead for the Shield?

U. T. C. ANNUAL CAMP

Thus the laurels we won in Camp are as under:—

- (a) *Challenge Trophies*:—
 1. Football Cup.
 2. Cross Country Championship Cup.
 3. Tug of War Cup.
 4. Athletics Cup.
 5. Attendance Cup.
- (b) *Individual Trophies*:—
 1. Cross Country Cup.
 2. Open Mile Cup.
- (c) *Medals*:—
 1. Footballers (11)
 2. Tug of War Team (8)
 3. Mile Team (4)
 4. Half Mile Team (4)
 5. Shot Putt Team (2)

It may not be irrelevant to mention that we have improved upon the record of the usual number of four trophies by winning one more this year, and that only the Engineering College is above us in this respect.

The General's Inspection

Chief among the pleasant recollections of Camp events was the visit of Major General G. Fleming, District Commander, on the 19th Dec. He inspected the Battalion at work and visited the barracks and Mess Tents in the morning, and presided over Regimental Sports in the evening. Addressing the gathering at sports through the microphone, he complimented us on the improvement we had made in turn out, discipline and training, and suggested the housing of the whole Corps under canvas next camp. He also expressed his pleasure over the excellent show that was put up by our athletes and especially the Musical P. T. Squad, who had been trained to perfection by the personal efforts of the Adjutant.

Special Amenities

The account of camp would be incomplete if we did not mention the additional amenities which were thrown open to us this year such as the provision of a reading room, the installation of a Radio, and a free washing (which however turned out to be only partially free). With our kindly Adjutant we may look forward to a few more, in future camps. We are confident that the evening exodus to Madras will decrease in proportion to an increase in facilities for recreation.

U. T. C. ANNUAL CAMP

Concerts

Two week-end concerts were held to the merriment of all. A remarkable item was the shadow-graphic representation of a doctor operating on his patient with a magnum knife, a pair of tailor's scissors, and a colossal needle. There were also a Torchlight Tattoo, Masked Parade, Comic Cuts, and an interesting selection of both instrumental and vocal music. The casual suggestion inserted in one of the songs that the Commandant should stand us all a treat in honour of his marriage had a miraculous effect, and he did give us all an excellent Tea. Ex-Corporal Sandosham (Medical) entertained us with his U. T. C. choruses and also his song about the tricks of the "TEPS". It would be a nice thing indeed if our local talents can help our innocent soldiers with a rhyming couplet about the glories of the Cooum.

Conclusion

Thus has passed another camp; and we may look back with satisfaction on the fortnight spent in manly exercise and wholesome recreation, disciplined behaviour and smart bearing, and above all in team work and in the cultivation of the spirit to carry out our duties successfully through the hardest work. The result of all this was seen in the excellent spirit with which we did an extra and unavoidable piece of hard labour in connection with the transport of rifle chests at night at the completion of our return journey. After all, working too is a form of fighting and equally a test of the unit's soldierly efficiency.

We are happy to recollect that our esprit de corps was due considerably to the untiring zeal and earnestness of our Officers. Sound leadership begets loyal following. But it cannot be forgotten that in a few stray cases tightening the reins became necessary to pull up an easy-going Recruit here and checkmate a fussy cadet there. There is a lot that an N. C. O. could do in the matter of making the men of their command toe the line, if only he is not swell-headed or obsessed with the idea that he has won his rank not so much for the benefit of his Company, as for a special mention in his Discharge Certificate. It all resolves into a right perspective and prompt carrying out of one's duties. We are happy to note that our N. C. Os gave of their best, and that we all pulled together as a happy community.

Now, Comrades, let us MARCH UP and SHOOT STRAIGHT to bring down the Willingdon bird with a clean sweep!

SGT-MAJOR K. N. KRISHNAN.

In Memoriam

TOWARDS the end of September 1936, S. Abdul Azeez, II U. C., succumbed to a relapse into typhoid fever. He had been attacked by the sickness early in September and had been unable to write the quarterly examination. But he had recovered sufficiently to be able to move about with every appearance of returning strength, when a sudden crisis carried him off in a very short time. His parents we understand were absent from home, owing to some other domestic bereavement, and had to be hurried back to assist him.

Abdul Azeez came from the Board High School, Ponneri. He was shy and very respectful in his behaviour. We offer our condolences to the parents.

* * * *

M. Mahimaidoss, I U.C., and resident of Roger's Hostel, died of an attack of consumption on the 25th December, in the Madras General Hospital, fortified by the last rites of the Church. He had been removed there when the first symptoms of this disease came to be known during the last days of November. A conscientious student of great earnestness and modesty, his death at an early age is rendered all the more poignant by the fact that he leaves behind a young wife. We offer our deep sympathies to his bereaved family.

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„ G. Vaidyanatha Ayyar ...	5	0	0
„ K. S. Kothandapani Ayyangar ...	4	0	0
„ M. J. Kuriakose ...	4	0	0
„ V. C. Thomas ...	4	0	0
„ G. Gopalakrishnan ...	4	0	0
„ S. Rangasamy ...	2	0	0
„ N. Sivaraman ...	2	0	0
„ M. M. Mani ...	2	0	0

Exchanges

THE ANTONIAN, St. ANTONY'S COLLEGE, KANDY.
 THE St. ALOYSIUS' HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, JUBBULPUR.
 THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADURA.
 THE St. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, COLOMBO.
 THE BISHOP HEBER SCHOOL MAGAZINE.
 THE BLUE AND WHITE, St. JOSEPH'S, COLOMBO.
 THE BLUE AND WHITE MAGAZINE, St. JOSEPH'S, BANGALORE.
 CARMELA, St. AGNES'S COLLEGE, MANGALORE.
 CATHOLIC ACTION, BOMBAY.
 THE CEDED DIST. COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ANANTAPUR.
 THE DUNGAR COLLEGE MAGAZINE, BIKANIR.
 EXCELSIOR, St. BERCHMANS' COLLEGE, CHANGANACHERY.
 THE FINDLAY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MANNARGUDY.
 THE GOVERNMENT BRENNEN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TELlichERRY.
 THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE MISCELLANY, MANGALORE.
 THE HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MASULIPATAM.
 THE HINDU THEOLOGICAL HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
 THE JAFFNA COLLEGE MISCELLANY.
 St. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, BANGALORE.
 St. JOSEPH'S SHEAF, DUBLIN.
 THE KING GEORGE MEDICAL COLLEGE CLINICAL SOCIETY
 JOURNAL, LUCKNOW.
 THE K. R. HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MUTTRA.
 THE KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
 THE LAW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
 THE LINGARAJ COLLEGE MISCELLANY, BELGAUM.
 THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
 THE MADURA COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
 THE MADRAS MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
 THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION, VIZIA-
 NAGARAM.
 THE MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ERNAKULAM.
 St. MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
 THE MUNGRET ANNUAL, LIMERICK.
 THE NATIONAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHINOPOLY.
 OLD COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRIVANDRUM.
 OUR HOME MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
 THE PACHAIYAPPA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
 THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.

EXCHANGES

THE PUDUKOTTAH COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
 THE SCHOLAR, PALGHAT.
 THE SCHOOL REVIEW, ANGLO-CHINESE SCHOOL, KLANG.
 St. STANISLAUS HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BANDRA, BOMBAY.
 THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE, BLACKBURN.
 THE STUDENTS' TREASURE, K. S. HIGH SCHOOL, TANJORE.
 THE St. THOMAS' COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHUR.
 THE UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ALWAYE.
 THE VICTORIA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, PALGHAT.
 VISVA-BHARATI NEWS, SANTINIKETAN.
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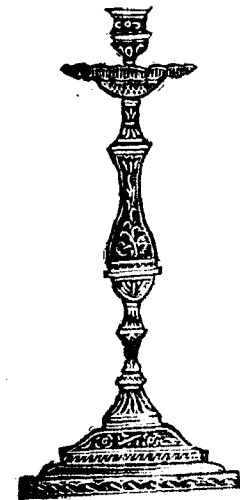


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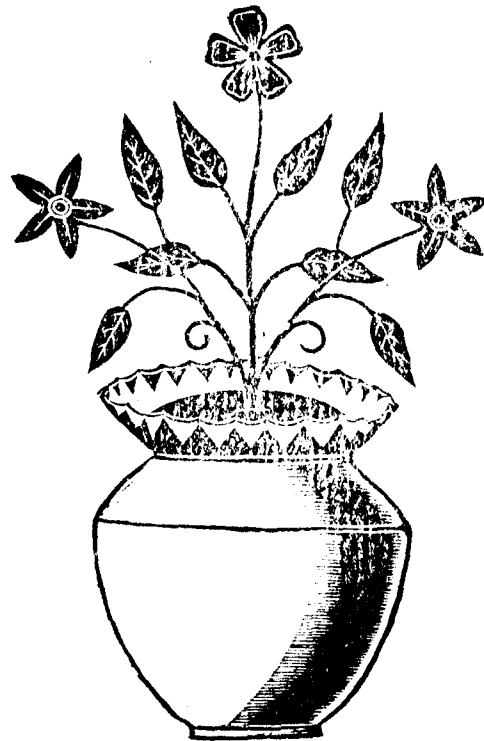
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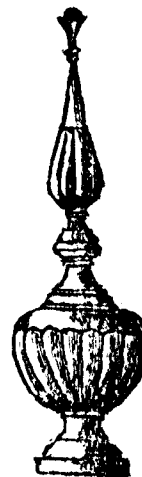
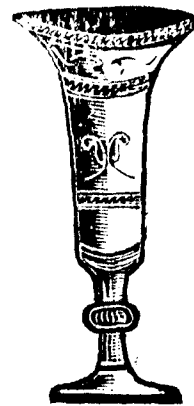
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